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Contents

The Week 293

Editorials

Who Wants Child Labor and Why? 296
Murder, Incorporated 298

General Articles

Behind Doctor Wirt ..... Mary Heaton Vorse 299
Cross-Country Bus ..... Nathan Asch 301
Out of Their Own Mouths ..... John Gunther 304
Intelligence and Power ..... John Dewey 306
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 308
Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 309
The Bloch Sacred Service ..... Paul Rosenfeld 310
Art Young ..... Max Eastman 310

Correspondence 311

Books in Review

Roll, Jordon, Roll ..... Stark Young 314
Revolution by Water ..... Edwin Seaver 315
The Esthetic Strain ..... Kenneth Burke 315
A Story of the Gutter ..... James T. Farrel 316
Suez and Persia ..... Edward Meade Earle, Elizabeth P. MacCallum 317
The Idea of Liberty ..... Quincy Howe 317
Books in Brief 318

The Week

THE private power companies and their allies are having hard sledding these days. Just as the investigation by the New York State Senate of Senator Thayer's relations with the Associated Gas and Electric Company got started, more revelations were made in testimony before the Federal Trade Commission in Washington. Mr. Thayer, it appears, actually made a contract with a representative of the Associated on January 17, 1925, by the terms of which he was to purchase shares of the Chasm Power Company, of which he was vice-president and general manager, at prices ranging from $100 to $150, and sell them immediately to Associated Gas at $175. He did buy 200 shares and resell them in this way. In addition he agreed to sell another 500 shares that he owned personally. As a result he made a profit of at least $42,000, according to the Federal Trade Commission investigator. This transaction may throw light on his letter to the Associated asking whether his "services" were "satisfactory" at the 1927 session of the Legislature, when he was chairman of the Public Service Committee which killed bills opposed by the utilities. Meanwhile the United States Senate has directed the Federal Power Commission to conduct a nationwide inquiry into rates and services of the power companies. When the results of this inquiry are known, it is predicted that the consumers will save $50,000,000 on their annual electricity bill.

SENATE progressives are to be credited with forcing a better tax bill through that body than the administration, through Secretary Morgenthau, asked for, and than the House passed. This bill, it is estimated, will yield $502,000,000 more than the present law, and $263,000,000 more than the House bill, if it is finally enacted. Its chief differences consist in somewhat smaller imposts in the lowest bracket, because of a deduction for earned income; a progressively higher surtax rate; higher rates on large estates, rising to 60 percent of net estates over $10,000,000; and a prohibition of the filing of consolidated returns by corporations. In addition there is an emergency tax for one year of ten percent to be added to tax payments. The Senate did not much improve the House provision for capital gains and losses, which, though better than the existing law, still leaves a large loophole for the biggest source of gains to possessors of large incomes and to speculators. It failed to deal with tax-exempt bonds. It made no progress in taxing corporate income itself. It did not encourage the growth of state income taxes by allowing an exemption for such taxes paid to states; indeed, it canceled the already existing exemption in estate taxes. One of its best features is the La Follette amendment providing publicity for tax returns. This will probably do more to prevent evasion than all other measures combined.

IT IS, we think, both significant and important that in a large number of colleges throughout the country many thousands of students last week participated in anti-war demonstrations. We do not assume that such demonstrations, even on a much wider scale, will have any very important effect upon the likelihood of any given war in the future, or even that all of the demonstrators would live up to their anti-war principles when to do so might mean persecution and imprisonment. But we feel it is a healthy thing for so many young men and women to be thinking about the war problem, and

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we assume that their interest in all probability extends to the causes of war, which in the modern world are so largely economic and an outgrowth of private capitalist enterprise. Among the demonstrators were Communists, Socialists and young people who are of neither of these faiths, and they showed an ability to coöperate for common ends that their elders have sometimes lacked. In some colleges, counter-demonstrations were arranged by students who (having been on the average four years old when the Great War ended) feel more friendly toward militarism; and it was probably a good thing that the pacifist marchers should realize thus early that their ideas are not accepted by the whole community. In a few places, the police were called in to beat up the participants in the anti-war parades; and this, also, was doubtless educative to the students, who got a vivid illustration of the fact that the way of the peace-maker is hard.

THE C.W.A. is dead. Long live the C.W.A.! From the ashes of the Civil Works Administration has risen, phoenixlike, the Civil Workers' Army. Phoenix, we are told, is a sacred, fabulous bird that every 500 years burns itself upon the altar (of Truth?) and rises from the ashes young and beautiful. Clearly a fitting mate—or stalemate—for a blue eagle. Spurred on by local maladministration of civil works and the equally clumsy handling by relief authorities who inherited civil workers (on April Fool's day), the Civil Workers' Army is strongest in New York City, where it can draw on 169,000 former C.W.A. employees and countless unemployed. It is extending organization throughout the country, with 4,000,000 civil workers and unnumbered unemployed as potential members of this group in which white-collar and manual workers fight shoulder to shoulder for their right to a job.

SO STRONG have they become in New York City that C.W.A. and Home Relief officials honored some workers with efforts to intimidate them and with actual dismissals for their union activities—this despite federal, state and city proclamations that discrimination against workers who organize will not be tolerated. Specific charges against such officials, brought before Welfare Commissioner Hodson last Saturday by the workers, met with promises to give discharged workers a fair hearing, and presumably reinstatement, and to instruct subordinates to discontinue interference with the right to organize. He should go farther, and dismiss those subordinates shown to be guilty of such actions. Faced with the workers' demands (made through their delegates from the United Action Conference) for jobs or cash relief, and for unemployment insurance, Mr. Hodson answered that he was helpless—bound by the government and by government appropriations. The delegates replied: "*We* are the government. The people are the power." If that is communism, make the most of it. If that is dangerous radicalism, so was Jeffersonian democracy.

THE recent convention of the Communist party at Cleveland seems, on the basis of press reports, to have been much like other similar conventions of this party in the recent past. If any important section of the present membership objects to the current leaders and their tactics, that fact was not evident. A party membership of 25,000 was reported, which means a substantial advance in the last year or two. The number of Communists is, of course, far larger than the party membership would indicate, but even with all allowance for this fact, the group is still extraordinarily weak in a country where the voting electorate is around 40,000,000. Various speakers at the recent convention urged the necessity for great energy and haste in mobilizing the workers under the banner of Communism; and it is obvious that, from their own point of view, this is a correct position. While there are no reliable statistics regarding the growth of fascist or semi-fascist groups in the United States, we should not be surprised to find that they were increasing ten times as fast as the radicals—and this does not necessarily mean that the country is going fascist. While the slower growth of the Communists may in small part be attributed to their past tactics, their failure to make themselves really at home in the American idiom, it is in far greater measure the result of our whole American situation, the way in which capitalism is running its course here, and the psychology and attitude that have therefore developed. These are, on the whole, matters that at present are beyond the control of the Communists—or anybody else.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST is the friend of the working man—in theory. We notice, however, that on any specific issue where the working man's welfare seems at variance with the profits of a millionaire publisher, he usually finds some reason for remaining loyal to his balance sheet. An excellent example is his long support of the sales tax, which would bear heavily on the poor and thus ease the burden on those who—like Mr. Hearst himself—are well up in the higher brackets. Now comes from San Francisco news that, on its face, means a flat attack by Mr. Hearst on the principles of trade unionism. A few days ago, Mr. Louis Burgess, editorial writer of Mr. Hearst's San Francisco Examiner, was summarily dismissed after seven years' almost continuous service during which he had had repeated assurances that his work was satisfactory. Mr. Burgess, as it happens, just twenty days before his dismissal had been elected chairman of The Examiner's chapter of the Newspaper Guild, the reporters' and editors' mild version of a labor union. His dismissal was accompanied by a virtual admission that Mr. Hearst objected to his activities in the Guild. On the recorded facts, this seems a complete violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of

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the Recovery Act, and of Mr. Hearst's oft-repeated assurances that he stands with and for the worker.

SHIPPEN LEWIS, Philadelphia attorney, who is chairman of a commission recently appointed by Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania to investigate activities of company-paid deputy sheriffs in steel and coal towns, has obtained some first-hand information that should give a touch of realism to the report he will soon present to the Governor. On April 6 the commission arrived in Uniontown preliminary to holding a hearing the next day on the riots that occurred in the Fayette County coal fields during the August and October strikes. All interested parties were invited to testify. These included, of course, miners, the H. C. Frick Coke Company and the county sheriff. Miners prepared to come by the truckload. But the Frick Company flatly refused to testify, and the sheriff, who had previously promised to "coöperate fully," suddenly decided he would not take part. The public hearing was then called off and witnesses were heard behind closed doors. The Frick Company still refused to have anything to do with the commission.

LIKE Mohammed, Mr. Lewis then decided to go to the mountain, or in this instance, to the "patch." He went out at 4:30 A.M., April 7, to one of the mines. He found that two union miners' homes had been dynamited that very night. One of them had all the windows broken and a goodly portion of the glass lay over the cots where five children were sleeping. The other had the back porch blown off. The owner, in this instance, was not terribly perturbed; he had grown used to it. This was the third time his home had been dynamited since last November, when he had been elected chairman of the pit committee. Women pointed to shattered windows in their homes and to bricks that had been hurled through them, while men exhibited fresh wounds on their persons and fresh buckshot in their automobiles. Two mornings later, Mr. Lewis, in the company of a state trooper, again visited the patch. This time his testimony was still more direct. As he approached the mine a volley of shots was let loose upon his car. Fortunately he managed to escape by leaving the car and hiding behind a building. But in that experience he must have caught a real glimpse of what the constant presence of heavily armed thugs, paid to seek trouble, means to inhabitants of the coal patch.

THE air-mail situation has reached an interesting tangle that is not without its elements of sardonic humor. The old contracts were fraudulent. To cancel them was the correct procedure, inevitable under the law. Mr. Farley's new rules for rebidding are excellent. They are well drawn; they exclude, as they must, the companies and officers involved in the frauds—but they give rise to the suspicion that Mr. E. L. Cord may be their exclusive beneficiary. It is a nice problem. It seems impossible to draw up rules that will exclude the old companies without turning most of the business over to Mr. Cord. It is impossible to give the business back to the old companies, yet is anything gained by giving it to Mr. Cord? He is fast becoming one of the most interesting figures on the outskirts of the Roosevelt administration. The President's political enemies charge that he made generous contributions to the Democratic campaign fund. Some years ago his Auburn stock was in the hands of one of the most active pools in Wall Street; the Senate Committee never got around to investigate it. More recently Mr. Cord's acquisition of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation (a relict of the unsavory Brown-Bovari experiment in stock manipulation) coincided almost perfectly with a generous naval-building contract. If the administration wants to avoid the suspicion that it ever plays favorites it might well give up trying to draw rules to distinguish between virtuous and wicked air companies—and let the Post Office build up its own service for carrying the air mail.

THE Doumergue Cabinet received from the now adjourned Chamber the power to manage the French finances by extra-parliamentary decrees. Armed with this, it is attempting to balance the budget, but so far its chief success has been in the Paris dispatches to the American newspapers. Economies of four billion francs are all that are required, and in a budget of fifty billion that is, the story runs, a mere matter of financial arrangement. Unfortunately, the French budgetary difficulties are running true to the form of budgetary difficulties everywhere. Receipts are overestimated, expenses are glibly curtailed, on paper, but most of the money must actually be spent just the same. The total of the deficit is compared with the total of the budget, with no allowances for the vast proportion of expenses that cannot be cut at all. Debt service in France requires twelve billion francs; military expenses, ten billion; police, colonies and loss in handling the floating debt require an irreducible nine billion more, leaving the deficit at more than twenty percent of those expenses that really can be cut a little. But manifestly no such wholesale cutting is possible. As a result the financial axe is used on the softest political wood: pay rolls of the public services and the pension lists. Reductions of ten percent must be endured by minor government employees; blanket cuts of three percent are made in the pensions. Naturally, these do not balance the budget, but they do give it the air of financial orthodoxy, which is really all the government wants. If it can "restore public confidence" it can bridge its financial crisis—for the time being—by the well worn though slippery timbers of more loans. So far the protest strikes by the civil servants have been feeble and the government seems on the way to succeeding with its paper program. To be sure, the mounting total of interest must be carried and some day the loans themselves will come due. But then, France has no monopoly on that prospect.

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Who Wants Child Labor and Why?

EVERYONE has noted that at the bottom of the depression all sorts of radical proposals are made that seem to meet with little concerted opposition. One obvious reason for this is that when times are desperate, desperate remedies receive consideration. Another reason is, however, that at such moments the propaganda machinery of the conservatives functions badly or not at all, for the simple lack of money. As depressions end, the normal procedure (exemplified at the present time) is for profits to rise earlier, faster and farther than do other elements in our business economy. Capitalists find their faith in their own system returning at the very moment when they are again able to make expenditures with which to persuade public opinion that theirs is the best of all possible plans. Today, we are seeing this exemplified at every turn. Industry and finance are biting the hand that fed them during their long torpid winter. Washington reeks with press agents who are trying to prevent any further restrictive legislation and to undo as much as possible of what already exists. The daily press throughout the country tells the same story. This is why it is folly to suppose that the grim lessons of a depression will automatically eliminate those conditions that help to bring depression about.

It would be hard to ask a better example of this sort of thing than the recent experience of the Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution. Today, that amendment is having very hard sledding. In 1933, it was adopted by fourteen states, although during the previous eight years it had been endorsed by only six, and its supporters had hoped that before long the number of ratifications might be increased to the necessary thirty-six. Since January 1, however, sudden and tremendous opposition has been met. As a result, the amendment has been rejected by seven states during the past four months, and endorsed by not one. It is now pending only in New York, New Mexico and Louisiana, in all of which the prospect is dubious.

The sudden resistance to the amendment is not an accident. A tremendously powerful propaganda has been employed in recent months, the spearhead for which has been the newly organized National Committee for the Protection of the Child, Family, School and Church. A number of prominent men, including President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia and former President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard, have lent their names to the outrageously false statements regarding the scope and purpose of the amendment. Even more formidable has been the attack of a large number of daily newspapers throughout the country, and of the Roman Catholic Church.

The general argument against the amendment has been that it would give the federal government complete control of the life of all children. On this ridiculous ground, it has been attacked as "communistic" and simultaneously as "leading to fascism." The old, familiar, and of course utterly false, charge has been heard again, that children will be prevented from doing odd jobs in their own homes, in an endeavor to stir up opposition in rural areas.

The basis of Catholic opposition appears to be the supposed danger to the church-controlled schools. The amendment permits Congress to regulate labor, and the Catholics have decided that this includes all school work and that parochial education would be endangered. Their opposition has been open and effective in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. While it has been unofficial in other states, it has been notably powerful, particularly in New York, with its large Catholic population.

Opponents of the measure have made the most telling argument possible when they have compared it with the late unlamented prohibition amendment. They have said that a tremendous army of federal administrators would be employed, going into every city and town and snooping into everybody's business. They predict that, like prohibition, the Child Labor Amendment will be universally nullified and we shall have another reign of lawlessness just at the moment when we are trying to put an end to such conditions forever. On this specious plea the opponents of the measure have succeeded in getting into their ranks a certain number of well meaning individuals who do not understand the character of the forces with which they are allying themselves. Only on this theory can one understand the opposition of such a man as former President Lowell, who has raised the ridiculous bugaboo that under the amendment Congress could enforce universal military training, or that of President Butler who sees a picture of Congress sending "federal agents and inspectors into every home, every family, every school and every church."

The opposition of the daily press has been on simpler grounds, and strictly economic in character. Nearly all newspapers are delivered and sold by newsboys, a large proportion of whom are so young that in any truly civilized country they would not be at work. The newspapers want to continue to use boys for these purposes, and continue to pay them the wretchedly small wages which now prevail. As soon, therefore, as the campaign for ratification began to have some prospect of success, the press started an extremely active counter-barrage of its own. Special feature articles were written praising the newsboy and recalling the names of distinguished men who had begun their careers in this occupation. Full-page advertisements were published attacking the amendment on this ground. Associations of circulation managers in a number of states passed resolutions denouncing the amendment and the press, of course, printed this news conspicuously. The National Child Labor Committee reports some cases where even the correspondence columns of daily papers were closed

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to letters arguing in favor of the amendment, despite the standard theory of journalism that such columns are always available to persons opposing editorial policies of the paper. As usual, in the background of the fight are the old enemies, the mill owners, canners of fruits and other products and the conservative industrialists of the country who have for many years been fighting for the right to employ children—even though many of them nowadays do not take advantage of it.

That most of the arguments against the Child Labor Amendment are fallacious, our readers hardly need to be told. It seemed for some years prior to 1929 that improving public sentiment would destroy the evil of child labor without definite legislative enactment. In fact, the statistics showed a steady decline in the employment of children in industrial life. Since the depression, however, even this slender bulwark has crumbled away. In Pennsylvania, for example, prior to the enactment of the textile code there were found numbers of cases in which children were employed in mills while their parents were unable to get work, and many of these unhappy youngsters were beaten by their fathers for protesting the bad conditions under which they were forced to labor. If it is urged that the N.R.A. and its codes have done away with child labor, the answer is twofold: first, that the codes are temporary and emergency legislation, which in the present temper of the country are not likely to be continued, and second, that they are being disregarded so generally that already in some parts of the country they have reached a degree of nullification comparable to that of prohibition itself.

The New Republic has sincere respect for those advocates of states' rights who are alarmed by the encroachments of federal authority, even though in most cases it considers this alarm excessive or unjustified. In regard to child labor, however, the necessity for nationwide action rather than that by the individual states seems clear. Child labor is usually the cheapest of all; that is one of the objections to it. When it is prohibited in one state and permitted in another, the opponents of state laws against it argue that unfair competition is set up. The value of national action is shown by the fact that in some of the N.R.A. codes that are still being observed, the abolition of child labor has been readily accepted even by manufacturers in states that had repeatedly refused in the past to accept abolition of children's work.

In so far as the opposition to the Child Labor Amendment is based on genuine fear of its consequences, the arguments of its opponents can, in our opinion, be answered readily. The amendment is permissive only; its essential words are as follows:

> The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.
>
> The power of the several states is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of state laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress.

A federal amendment to the Constitution is necessary because the Supreme Court has ruled against federal legislation without such an amendment. If Congress is to be given any power whatever over the labor of children, some such phraseology as that of the amendment is obviously necessary. The argument that the members of Congress would, given this power, use it to introduce communism, destroy the parochial schools, require compulsory military training, forbid farm boys to milk the cows or set up any equally absurd regulations, hardly seems worth serious discussion. If it were attempted, those who oppose these things have the right to object, and there can be little doubt that their objection would be effective. The argument on this point is well summed up by Mr. Charles C. Burlingham, a distinguished New York attorney, who says:

> It is inconceivable that Congress, if granted power to enact federal child-labor legislation, would proceed to bar all gainful employment for children under eighteen years or to interfere with the work children do at home or about the home farm, as opponents of the amendment contend. The individual states have always had far greater power than this amendment gives to Congress, yet they have shown no tendency to abuse their power. It is absurd to assume that Congress cannot be trusted with equal authority. Congress would not enact legislation which would be universally unpopular, which no one would wish or tolerate.
>
> Our committee [the Non-Partisan Committee for Ratification of the Federal Child Labor Amendment] is agreed that the fear that the amendment might give Congress control over education is also without foundation. Labor and education are in different provinces —the power to regulate labor does not include power to regulate education. Under the Tenth Amendment "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the states are reserved to the states respectively or to the people." Control of education would rest as heretofore with the individual states.

The real lesson of the Child Labor Amendment goes far deeper than the mere struggle to rescue children from wage slavery, important though that is. Revolutionists are always telling us that private capitalism is incapable of reforming itself; that its struggle for profits prevents every effort at amelioration. In the past, and notably in other countries than the United States, this theory has seemed at least partially false. Yet here we see an effort to do away with one of the grossest, most obvious sins of our present-day industrial life. It is, moreover, an effort made, as experience has proved, along the only lines offering any hope. That effort is now being blocked partially, it is true, by ignorance and prejudice, but to a more important degree, by the refusal of industry to accept any sort of self-denying ordinance. Capitalism is a leaky ship; it must either be patched or replaced by a new vessel. What shall we say then of its crew, who refuse the slightest repairs and stick to their course, ignoring the steadily deepening flood within the hold?

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Murder, Incorporated

THE RESOLUTION to investigate the munitions industries has passed the Senate and Mr. Nye now has the task of leading his special committee along the tortuous track of blood money. The track is there, the blood-dripping profits are there, a vast, worldwide network of incorporated murder is there. It can be exposed or it can be whitewashed; that depends on the committee.

The committee can start with the safe assumption that it will get little hearty coöperation from any great industry. War profits are too delicately interlocked throughout the whole industrial structure. Companies like Bethlehem, du Pont, Anaconda, Atlas and Hercules Powder, General Motors (whose combined profits in four years of war equaled more than 400 percent of their profits in four years of peace) are not going to give more than lip service to the proposal to "take the profits out of war" or reveal more than they must about "the methods used in promoting the sale of arms," two objectives of the committee.

The committee has a maze of interlocking financial, industrial and political interests to pick its way through. A world in which representatives of arms companies sit as delegates at disarmament conventions is not a simple one in which to do detective work. The international arms trust is a reality, however difficult it may be to put its ramifications down on paper. There have been Central American revolutions where bank loans, arms shipments and local politicians were so closely connected that it is difficult to say whether the politicians bought the arms to help the banker or the arms-maker brought in the banker to sell the arms. Wherever there is blood to be shed there are arms to be sold. And wherever there are arms to be sold there is money; money that can be divided an infinity of ways.

Too often the munitions business is discussed with various delicate euphemisms. Just what is the arms business? An advertisement in The American Machinist in which a manufacturer of a new type of shell describes its virtues gives a slight idea of what the business really means:

> Fragments come coated with acid in exploding and wounds caused by them mean death in terrible agony within four hours if not attended to immediately. From what we are able to learn of conditions in the trenches it is not possible to get medical assistance to anyone in time to prevent fatal results. . . . There seems to be no antidote that will counteract the poison.

The manufacturer of this admirable shell is obviously hoping to make a little money on it. In fact he is likely to make a great deal. It is one of those instruments beloved by the international fraternity of the General Staffs. Your really thoughtful and patriotic soldier gets himself killed if he happens to be badly hit.

What the committee really faces is the most dangerous octopus of modern times. Wherever and however there is money to be made in death, the arms-makers, *like any other business,* are going to carry on their trade and make their profit. A "patriotic" munitions industry intent only on the real welfare of its nation is as much an impossibility as a "patriotic" poison gas that would refrain from killing soldiers on its own side if the wind changed and drifted it back over the lines. There are some people who hope for such miracles, but they do not happen. They never have happened. We were all taught in school of the glorious victories of the American frigates in the War of 1812. We were never taught that the logs of those same frigates are a monotonous record of burst guns, worthless shot and defective powder (Mr. E. I. du Pont de Nemours was making a fortune for his heirs). There is an iron law of the financial system that will override any congressional statute: profits.

For this reason the parliamentary device by which Senator Nye forced his resolution to investigate through the Senate deserves attention on its own merits. He suggested a 98-percent income tax on incomes above $10,000 to become automatically operative during wartime. The proposal warrants serious thought. No halfway measures, worthwhile though they may be in themselves, can take the profit out of war. Strict government regulation, government ownership of specific war industries, bans on export of arms, all these are worth doing but they will not get at the root difficulty. If profit is removed from the making of guns it will reappear all the larger in the making of gun steel. To try in this day to pursue a given number of dollars through the whole industrial system is impossible.

In the end wars are fought for two motives: the profit in winning them and the profit in fighting them. To the munitions-makers this distinction seems academic. If profit is proper after the blood has caked and the corpses are buried, they are unable to see why they should suffer moral opprobrium for collecting the profits while the blood is still flowing and the corpses still rotting above ground. Perhaps the munitions-makers are right. Maybe there is no difference.

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Behind Doctor Wirt

DR. WILLIAM A. WIRT'S was the gaudiest of the many recent Washington shows. People came early with the greedy alacrity with which people go to hangings. There was a high excitement in the air of people about to savor a little blood-letting; that note of hysteria of crowds waiting to see heads roll. The huge room of the Ways and Means Committee was crammed with an audience of Washington's notables.

This room, in spite of its explosion of spread eagles, reminds one of the more elegant Berlin nightclubs. Behind the Committee of Investigation sat other Senators and Representatives. Places at the press table were engaged days in advance. Latecomers found no seat at it. Hundreds of people were turned away from the door by policemen. Every bit of standing room was taken.

Into the kleig lights, before the batteries of moving-picture men, the camera flashes like chain lightning, stepped little Dr. William A. Wirt, looking unmistakably like Throttlebottom. Then it transpired that he had no story to tell, none at all!

It dawned upon the amazed audience, which had come with watering mouths, that Dr. Wirt had not even clapped an eye on a number one brain-truster, and that his alleged revolutionary exposé was only a springboard from which to jump into an attack on the New Deal generally and Mr. Tugwell and Mr. Wallace especially.

The amazing part of Dr. Wirt's disclosures was not that they were so minuscule, but that even the innocuous things that he reported as having been said at the now famous dinner party in Virginia apparently were never said at all. I happened to have met three of the members at the dinner party separately, and each, upon seeing me, exclaimed with candor and indignation, "Why, nothing of the kind was ever said. None of us got a chance to speak. The man talked four solid hours without stopping. Nobody got a chance to put a word in edgewise."

It seems that Dr. Wirt from steel-owned Gary is a mighty talker. He can talk three hours on end, four hours on end, and as details of his past history have been accumulating, there are some who assert that he has been known to talk nine hours on end. But besides being a mighty talker, Dr. Wirt is a mighty Red-baiter and a very fine little union-buster in his own right. At the American Federation of Teachers in Chicago he is known as the man who killed one of its charter locals, Number 4 of Gary. In 1918 when the teachers organized their National Federation, the three Chicago groups became locals 1, 2, and 3, while Gary, with a flourishing association, was next. By 1924 Local 4 had been wiped out.

"When we found that the Gary Local was surrendering its Union Charter," says Secretary Florence Curtis Hanson of the American Federation of Teachers, "we got the distinct impression that the teachers had been terrorized, that they were afraid to go on." Dr. Wirt has always been just the man to stir things up. People recall how twenty years ago when he was putting the Gary system into some New York schools, parents, teachers and superintendents all at once began quarreling. This appearance before the kleig lights, microphones and the camera batteries is the blooming of a long career.

Dr. Wirt has written a pamphlet entitled "America Must Lose" as a reply to Secretary Wallace's "America Must Choose," most of which he had hoped to read to the radio audience. In the Wirt pamphlet there are a few hundred ambiguous but horrendous words about the revolutionary brain-trusters. The remainder of the ten thousand words were about the Committee for the Nation's pet plan of inflation. This Committee happens to have published his pamphlet. It is significant that this long statement was prepared and ready for printing at the moment Mr. Rand gave his famous Senate testimony about what Dr. Wirt said someone said about Kerensky.

Dr. Wirt may have seemed ridiculous to a sophisticated audience. It is hard to attack Mrs. Roosevelt, Dr. Frederick Howe and Speaker Rainey in one breath in Washington. But there is no doubt that the doctor's disclosures went over big with the radio audience. He accomplished exactly what he set out to do, or what a brilliant press agent may have guided him to do. Admirably timed, splendidly ballyhooed, came his blast against the administration. A better publicity plan has rarely been seen.

Mr. Rand, president of Remington-Rand, explodes a verbal bomb before the Senate Committee and next we have the egregious Dr. Wirt addressing not only a crowded audience, but every one of the millions of interested people in all America, in words well chosen to undermine confidence in the outstanding policies of the New Deal. It is no new thing to use the Washington sounding board to get publicity for a cause, or to gain attention by ballyhoo for an entirely different show.

Let's turn for a moment from Dr. Wirt speaking through the microphone on the communistic possibilities lurking in subsistence farms, to his sponsors, the Committee for the Nation. According to their own statements, they have formed a group of industrial and agricultural leaders who in "January, 1933, alarmed over the dangerous trends in business, quietly organized the Committee for the Nation."

It now claims 1,500 business men who have paid

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fees from $25 to $5,000 per annum. Its directing committee consisted of the following: Lessing J. Rosenwald, chairman of Sears, Roebuck and Company; F. H. Sexauer, president of the Dairymen's League Coöperative Association; F. H. Frazier, chairman of the General Baking Company; Vincent Bendix, president of Bendix Aviation Company; J. H. Rand Jr., president of Remington-Rand.

E. L. Cord, whose aviation companies are rumored to be expecting governmental favors on the reletting of the air-mail contracts, and whose New York Shipbuilding Corporation has been wakened from moribund inactivity by the choicest of the recent naval-building awards, writes propaganda stories for them. And the Committee has other members: Howard E. Coffin, chairman of Southeastern Cotton, Inc.; B. M. Blalock, president of the American Cotton Coöperative Association. David Stern, publisher of The Philadelphia Record and The New York Post, was a founder; G. S. Nolen, president of the Bankers' Life Insurance Company; B. L. Norton, president of Freeport Texas Company (sulphur), and others are aboard. Gary almost means the U. S. Steel Corporation, and it is interesting to see on this list such other war industries as Bendix, the airplane and automotive-parts manufacturer; a warship builder like New York Shipbulding; a great sulphur producer and several cotton interests.

To make its economic analysis, the Committee has hired the services of the National Industrial Conference Board. It has an active press department. Every newspaper office and every interested individual is swamped with the most elegantly printed material. Speeches, pamphlets, memoranda, rain upon anyone who happens to be on the Committee's mailing list.

The Committee has bitterly opposed three laws, the Copeland Pure Food and Drug Bill, the bill to regulate the stock exchanges and the Securities Act. The Copeland Bill had many of its teeth drawn. The Securities Act and the Stock Exchange Bill are being viciously fought over at the present writing.

The Committee has organized a number of reactionary farm leaders. They have in their number members of the National Coöperative Milk Production Federation and allied milk producers who lie down in the same bed with National Dairy Products and Borden's and are therefore on the warpath against the program of the Secretary of Agriculture. Upward of half a million small farmers have been brought to support the Committee on the plea that a price inflation will help them get rid of their debts and make plenty out of agriculture.

The Committee for the Nation has consistently been fighting for the devaluation of the dollar. It is their own boast that the administration has followed their lead in its recent monetary policy. They themselves point out that in February, 1933, the Committee foretold the need of an embargo on gold exports and the suspension of specie payments as a prerequisite to the restoration of prices within the United States. These two steps became accomplished facts early in March.

Having accomplished these two points in their program, they promptly introduced a bill in the House of Representatives to make the immediate revaluation of the dollar mandatory. It is quite obvious why war interests should be excited about forcing down the dollar exchange against the pound sterling and the franc to reach 50 percent of the former gold parity. This is a great stimulus to exports, and the war industries have been doing great, and competitive, exporting of late.

Among the other well known members of the Committee one finds General R. E. Wood of Sears, Roebuck and Company, lately of the Industrial Advisory Board; Frank A. Vanderlip, Samuel S. Fels, John Henry Hammond. Bankers, motor magnates, old-time economists, swell its ranks, nor are there friends lacking within the government. The Committee is reported to be supported by the Southern agricultural inflationist leaders like Bankhead and Thomas. Many points in their program coincide closely with those of Professor George Warren.

They have, take it by and large, supported the administration until about two months ago. Why shouldn't they, since in the main it was their policies that were being carried out? Lately they have felt that the President was far too slow in releasing the frozen bank credits and in depreciating dollar exchange. So now the broader attack.

Dr. Wirt is standing before his microphone amidst the perpetual flashings, a nervous little figure with beads of perspiration on his face. It becomes more and more understandable. He is absurd, ridiculous, anything you like, but he has not been laughed off. He is putting doubt in the minds of hundreds of thousands.

Congressman Bulwinkle and the Doctor spar and feint. The Doctor wants to launch his wider attack. Bulwinkle makes him keep to the fateful dinner party. Strange that they should be on opposite sides of the fence. Back in Gastonia, during the textile strike, Bulwinkle was dodging nonexistent Red bombs and inventing a Red terror of his own.

The testimony is over, the dazed crowds get up and begin to move out of the huge committee room. An old lady near me is saying in shocked tones:

"Why, what a dreadful man. Why, how awful. He went to a dinner of an old friend of his, a friend of twenty years' standing, and came away and talked about a private conversation! Why, we won't dare to have people to dinner any more! Why!"

I looked back. The final scene of the comedy was being played. Congressman Bulwinkle and the Doctor were acting for the newsreel. Dr. Wirt made a very good little spread-eagle speech that will be seen and heard from one end of the country to the other and publicize still further Dr. Wirt, inflation and the plans of the Committee for the Nation.

MARY HEATON VORSE.

Washington.

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Cross-Country Bus

SOUTHERN California after the long dry season was not used to rain. Intense, almost tropical, it poured as from a giant bucket; but in Hollywood it seemed unreal, like the smiles of the drenched and polo-coated actors walking on the Boulevard, prosperous apparently, but between pictures. Nothing seemed quite lived, first-hand, actually real, not even, on the way to the bus depot, the marooned homeless men in downtown Los Angeles, standing in little hallway islands. After two years in pictures, everything was a gag, a situation, had a twist to it; suffering would have compensation, the poor would become rich. I was taking a bus through three thousand miles of America to shake the nightmare off.

I wanted to see the country once more and for myself; I planned to talk to the other passengers, stop in every city where there was a chance to stop, visit people and ask them questions—not interview business men and editors, but talk to reporters, people walking by, the proprietor of some radical bookstore in a town, who usually keeps in touch with things, and to the Communists, if I could find their headquarters—all these ought to give me a different and unifying picture. After the long Hollywood oblivion to reality, I felt myself a stranger, a traveler through an unfamiliar land trying to find the key to it.

The bus was crowded, huge and cumbersome, and we rode through the night, every two hours stopping off for rest, then back inside, and on. It is not possible to sleep in a bus. Everything the huge wheels meet upon the road is transferred, is applied to the sitting body, and one vibrates and shakes; and at night when there is no distracting scenery, one sits and tries to doze, and one feels the road. We waited for the first lightening of the dawn, and at last, gray in the rain, it came; we stopped at a ranch; rushed for the ghostly buildings, for a cup of coffee. We all quickly became friends. The little girl who with her mother was going back to Texas acquired many almost-fathers and many packages of chewing gum and peanuts. The German boy, university saber-cuts bright upon his cheeks, probably the first of the coming crowd of depreciation tourists, took notes, asked questions, was told stories of the West. A truckman said that when he had been working on a pipe line in Oklahoma, for an eye-opener he and the others had drunk mixed gasoline and buttermilk. The German didn't believe him.

Then through the desert, sage brush, joshua trees and greasewood, and across fields of lava; in the middle of the wilderness we saw C.W.A. men for no discernible reason digging into a formation of lava. When we stopped off for meals not everyone got out. Some chewed on crackers, ate oranges, chewed gum. There was one man especially, young and extremely handsome (we called him the movie actor), who sat aloof and unhappy and talked to no one. New York was at least five nights, four days away, and in the shaking bus, in the rising altitude, one developed hunger, but prices were high, especially in the lonely places where there was no competition.

Flagstaff was filled with drunkenness and cowpunchers without jobs. Meat prices were so low that ranchers fired help; and they came to Flagstaff: men from New Mexico, Utah, Texas, in high-heeled boots and overalls and hats. Beer seemed to be new to Arizona, and it was very good; the proprietors, ex-cowhands themselves, were treating everybody. One of the boys got into the bus, as if just off his horse. He was through and finished, and going to Washington to get a job as riveter on navy construction. He said the ranchers had been cutting wages five dollars a month for such a long time that when he wore out the seat of his overalls he couldn't get another pair. He had a mouth organ, and that night he played for us, and we sang, and visited, and a couple of budding romances were started.

In Gallup martial law had just been called off. In the saloon there were silent miners who two weeks before on the picket line had been sprayed with acid; and it was hard to find someone to talk to. The saloonkeeper told me that maybe in the newspapers the miners had won the strike, but actually the scabs were working and the union men had never been hired back. There was talk of a general strike through Utah, New Mexico and Colorado. The Communists were strong. In New Mexico everyone took the Communists for granted; the lady president of the Professional Women's Clubs spoke of them as of the Republicans and Democrats, and wasn't very worried. Her grievance was against the newspapers who insisted on printing news of her clubs in the society columns.

The weather was calm; the Pass was clear of snow. We rode into Colorado, everyone old friends, and to bind us further, a newsreel man got on, drunk and a good fellow, and he had more bottles; and he told amazing stories; and the driver told riddles. I thought of stagecoach days, and how the lowered living standard had pulled the country back from the impersonality and calm of railway trains to the adventure and friendliness of a crowded bus, in which everyone trusts and likes everybody else.

In Denver I asked about beet sugar. I talked to a man working for a farm coöperative, and later on the road to Kansas I listened to a Weld County

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tenant farmer. I heard stories of one of the big sugar companies which, so as not to pay taxes on its 1933 profit of nine millions, organized a holding company; and of Weld County, the richest in northern Colorado and almost all in sugar beets, where in the same year 1,200 families were being fed by public charities. The layout is almost that of the Southern Cotton Belt, except that more hands get into the sugar bowl, while the Mexican beet workers who do all the work instead of one-half get one-fifth of the crop. The rest is divided between the landlord, who just owns the land, and the tenant, who so far as I could discover performs no function at all, except perhaps: "Well, I buy the seed, and I have to supervise the irrigation. Those Mexicans are all crazy." When beet-picking time comes around they close all the schools for three or four weeks, and the same man said: "It sure is a pity to see those eight-year-olds working." The widow of the late United States Senator Charles W. Waterman, who helped organize the Great Western Sugar Company, got last year $80,000 in dividends, and also the United States Senate last year voted her a $10,000 honorarium on her husband's death.

In Denver you can get a full meal for ten cents and a turkey dinner for fifteen cents. I went through icy streets toward the bus depot and at every corner there was a C.W.A. worker cautioning pedestrians not to cross against the lights. I spoke to one of them, asked him what about after May 1, and he said: "By God! They better do something."

We saw fenced-in ranch land, then approaching Kansas we rode past where winter wheat lay dormant. We came into the storm; there was a wind; upon the trellised fences lining the Union Pacific tracks snowdrifts were forming. Inside the bus it was so hot and somehow rare that no one seemed surprised when the movie actor suddenly jumped up and began shouting and calling for his mother. The driver stopped the bus, asked two of the passengers to hold the screaming man; and drove to the next village being covered by the snow, and they took the movie actor off. The driver said that he would be kept in jail for two-three days and fed, then they would send him on. It was the long and shaking ride, the lack of sleep, and no food at all, that made people go off like that in this high altitude. The baby that was traveling alone from Denver to Kansas City in the charge of three successive drivers slept through it all, and never woke up except for one of the six milk bottles that came with it in a shoe box.

Three of us sat in the rear seat and smoked. One of the men sold International Harvesting machines, the other grew wheat. We talked about Russia, and the farmer said they could have his tractors and his combine harvester; as soon as he got some cash he was going to scrap them and use horses. Other farmers in the wheat country felt the same. Look at the outlay for repairs and gasoline, as against feed that you can raise yourself. The dealer said, Yes, people talked of horses, but they didn't have the money to stock up their farms. As to government farming, the other said, "Well, I wouldn't know. All the big incorporated wheat farms around here failed."

They spoke of Russia calmly; they asked questions; as the bus went on I began to notice that the press through the years had not quite succeeded in alienating their minds completely. They knew men who had come to advise the coöperative farms; they read books and magazines; and, most important, they felt they did not have much to lose. I talked to more people, a beet tenant farmer after an illness returning to his old home in North Carolina for a rest; an insurance man whose wife, contracting tuberculosis, had had to be taken to Denver; and always the word Communism was heard, and a discussion started.

In cold Kansas City, snow blowing through the streets, I looked for the Communists. Perhaps they would explain what the wheat farmers felt, and what it meant. I was hurrying through the country, but they must have had their organizers in the fields, explaining, talking to the farmers. I wanted to know if the country was listening to the Reds, what they were doing about the "objective situation." A picket walked up and down the street before a furniture store with the sign: "George B. Peck Is Unfair to Department & Furniture Store Drivers' Local Union No. 6." I asked him for an address, but he didn't know. There was nothing in the phone book. In the newspaper offices they laughed. The cops looked blank. In The Kansas City Star there was a picture of girl office employees of the Kansas City-Southern shaking hands with the chairman and promising they would run the trains in case of strike. The millinery manufacturers were threatening to close their factories and move to the Kansas side if the N.R.A. did not relent and let them cut the wages. I looked for a radical bookstore; and finally I found one. I asked: "Are there any Communist party members here to whom I can talk?" The man was little and he loudly cackled: "They moved to Omaha, Nebraska." "Well, can I talk to anybody about conditions here?" The little man said: "Listen, I'm a Trotskyite. We wrecked the party in K.C." He said that half the former members were with him, and all the others were now . . . Technocrats. I didn't believe him. I looked for the International Labor Defense. I discovered that the lady who had been head of it was next day, with her husband, to entertain Mr. Howard Scott. I got back on the bus.

Now the snow was worse. The windows all were frozen; and before the driver the windshield wiper squeaked. The vibration filled us like the harsh sound of a discordant violin. I sat with a soldier discharged from Camp Clark near El Paso, and he told how the cavalry was being motorized. They have a truck that holds eight horses and nine men,

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and in a day and night they can move three hundred miles in any road at all. He said it was against the Japs if they tried to land in Mexico. He said the soldiers were deserting, fifteen men from his own troop last year, and the War Department had canceled all rewards for capture. He didn't know where they went with no jobs to be had, but they would have to give him the pay of a general to make him join again.

We talked about war, and we became excited and loud, and soon everyone in the bus was talking about war. Except the women. I noticed all through this trip from Los Angeles to New York, that women were not particularly interested in anything except permanent waves and clothes. I remembered an article in The New Republic in which the writer bemoaned the fact that women's magazines were dull. Whichever came first, the hen or the eggs? There was a lady in the bus; she said she had a son, had several nephews. The soldier and I described the War to her. The gases. The bombing overhead. The liquid fire. Impassioned, we tried to show the uselessness of it. The bus became quiet, you could hear the wheels crunching into snow. The lady stared ahead, she blinked, she waited. Then she said: "Well, I guess I wouldn't be in favor of *that*."

St. Louis seemed asleep under the gray and dirty cover of the snow. At a newspaper office the city editor said everything was fine. "What about the Negro slums?" He shrugged. "Are there any Nazis?" He didn't think there were. He had never heard of the Silver Shirts. St. Louis was a quiet town, working out its destiny, and if anything interesting happened, he would surely know it. He said a young man had been slugged by cops at the Austrian Consulate. The young man was the grandson of a late Missouri judge of the Supreme Court, and the policemen would surely be broken for beating up someone who was not a bum.

The young man's name was David Thayer Burbank. He told me the story of his blackened eyes. There was to have been a demonstration of the United Front of the Socialists and Communists before the Austrian Consulate, protesting the murder of the Vienna workers. Banners had been painted and a line of march arranged. And at the last moment the National Headquarters in Chicago had forbidden the Socialists to join the United Front. The demonstration failed, but the cops had to have a victim; so they took young Burbank to the police station and they beat him up.

He wasn't bitter about it. He said he believed in Muste and the American Workers' party, but he took me to the Communist headquarters. In the rear of a huge and empty and snow-bound building in a little room that was stifling hot, I found the secretary of the local office, lying sleepily on a dirty mattress, and extremely vague. All that he remembered was that the party had won the nut pickers' strike. I asked him, When? (It was last year.) What were they doing about the discrimination against Negroes in the C.W.A.? Nothing. Had the unemployed been organized? No. Well, what had they done? Well, St. Louis was a big railroad center, and they were concentrating on the railroad workers.

Back into the bus, and again through a snow storm. At Wheeling I heard class hatred. We came into town very early in the morning, just as the first light dribbled through the snow. The drifts were everywhere. The little houses looked like snowy mounds. Men going to the mines appeared out of the doorways and, black spots on white, filed into the road. They flashed their little lanterns in greeting. Near me sat a man who sold mine equipment, and he said: "Do you know these bastards are so mean they send their own children into the state highway so they get hit by the coal trucks, and then they sue the company for damages?"

Then Pittsburgh, the town where last year there were 65,000 families (more than a third the population) getting state and federal relief; and this year in spite of the C.W.A.'s having given 15,000 jobs to relieve the pressure, there are still 65,000 names on the relief ledgers. The man Who Would Be Likely To Know said, Please not to quote him, but if he were to tell the truth not ten percent of the steel mills in the district were really busy, and since July, 1933, 125,000 miners had been out on strike. There was a new labor party being organized, and even the relief workers, former lawyers, doctors, architects, were realizing that they were likely to remain relief workers for the rest of their natural lives, and they too formed a union, and had even gone on strike. Pittsburgh had been under the Pennsylvania form of fascism for many years; so it was worth a man's job, and maybe his liberty, to criticize the powers.

I looked for the Communists, from North Side of the town to South; I was sent to the offices of some foreign headquarters, swastika spread on the walls; I rode in street cars and walked; and it was very cold. Finally I found them. They were very busy. I spoke to the district organizer. I wanted to know why in all the cities that I had been through it was impossible for anyone who was not a member to find the party offices. He said something about terror. I told him that in Los Angeles where there is active Terror, and there is Captain Hines, they have telephones and everybody knows at least where the office of the International Labor Defense is located. What would happen if a worker got arrested and tried to telephone to the I.L.D.? The man lost his temper. He said: "Listen, we don't want the workers to come to us. We go to those workers we want to approach."

The snowfall had stopped. The last part of the trip was made under a brilliant sun. It was not very interesting any more. The people in the East rode a bus as if it were a shame. They hid their faces,

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or they always began the conversation by saying this was the very first voyage of this type they had ever taken, and they began loudly to brag. I talked to a girl who said she was a secretary, then admitted she was a servant. Someone described his expensive trip to Europe. There was a little man who was returning to Boston because the Mexicans in El Paso had ruined his business. Everyone looked at him, and I asked "What business?" He said he had been a newsboy, and snobbishly they all looked away.

It was between Pittsburgh and New York that for the first time I heard someone say: "If the Reds don't like it, why don't they go back where they came from?" Back West it had not been like that. They had been interested, had said: "If we could only find out what's it all about." I had talked to reporters, Communists, people on the street, in restaurants; in the bus I had talked to everyone—and in this very sketchy trip of mine, this almost snapshot of America, the unity I found was a curiosity, an eagerness they had to know, to find themselves, not as isolated victims of calamity, but as things in a scheme, parts of a whole, a system, which they intended to examine, analyze, weigh, and eventually decide whether they wanted.

At five o'clock we had a hurried breakfast. Then it was morning. Jersey; and the bus went through the Holland Tunnel; emerged; we rode a little while. After the frankness of the Coast, the kindness of the Mountains, the friendliness of the Middle West, the driver yelled: "This is the end. Everyone out." And we were in New York.

NATHAN ASCH.

Out of Their Own Mouths

Under the title "The Ideas of the Third Reich," the French magazine Lu some months ago presented a selection of aphorisms mostly from Hitler's "Mein Kampf" and the works of Alfred Rosenberg, the foreign political "specialist" of the Nazi party. Below is a similar, wider, compilation of Nazi pronouncements. I have tried to include quotations from only the more responsible of Hitlerite enthusiasts, but doubtless some extravagances have crept in. Here is Nazism, straight from its own megaphones:

The Nazi party has been proved to have better relations with the Lord in the Heavens than had the Christian parties which disappeared.—*Baldur von Schirach, Reichstag member and head of the Hitler Jugend.*

Hitler is lonely. So is God. Hitler is like God.—*Dr. Frank, state commissioner for Justice.*

The appearance of Christ in the world was the first great emergence of the Nordic nature in a world tormented by decay.—*Dr. Jaeger, former state commissioner for the church in Prussia.*

It is growing clear that the German revolution has a double heart, two seeds: that of the German state and of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans. . . . In this latter respect is fulfilled our longing for the earthly sway of the godly; over this nation hangs the Invisible Crown. . . .—*Edgar J. Jung in Deutsche Rundschau.*

God placed Luther in a monastery and Adolf Hitler in a fortress. To those babblers in our ranks I say: Go and be silent in solitude also.—*Bishop Hossenfelder of the German Christians.*

The diet experts are forever arguing the question: Meat or no meat, and quite forget to ask: Have the meat-giving animals and their fodder been raised on German soil—on native soil that has been naturally, not chemically fertilized? Or is it a liberalistic animal—*i. e.,* has it been fattened in the shortest possible time by every sort of artificial means? Is the meat German meat or does it come from any other country? For these meats are not the same. The latter will make the individual sick and weaken the race.—*National Health, a Nuremberg weekly.*

In the name of our chief Hitler we find . . the first articulate syllable stuttered by primitive Aryan man, the sound "H——d," an expression signifying "protection" or "elevation." The same sound occurs in ancient German words like "Hut," "Huette," and "hild." Adolf, the Leader's first name, is composed of "ath" (divine or spiritual act) and "uolfa" (creator.)—*E. Schmidt-Falk in the official newspaper, the Völkische Beobachter.*

Telephonists spelling out words and using specific names to denote letters should substitute German names for Jewish ones. For David, Deutschland; for Nathan, National; etc.—*Order of Berlin Telephone Direction.*

Hitler's attack on the democratic spirit is merely the opening act of a development the end of which will be a National Socialist Europe.—*Dr. Göbbels.*

Vaccination, *i. e.,* artificially making the healthy sick as a supposed preventive of disease, is a shameful blot on the escutcheon of German science.

The tracing of almost all diseases to bacteria, whose entrance into the body we can do nothing to prevent, is a serious scientific error. Many chemical products are fiendish devices perfected by Marxist scientists and marketed by Jewish industrialists seeking to weaken the blond race.—*National Health, Nuremberg.*

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Previously the medical profession had nothing to do with politics. The doctor's skill let everyone thrive, whether German, Jew, Chinese or Negro. The principle of racial exclusiveness fell almost completely out of sight, a situation that took a bitter toll.—*Dr. Conti, member of the Ministerial Council, before National Socialist Doctors' League.*

Jewish doctors are hereafter restricted to dissection of Jewish cadavers.—*Official decree of Burgomaster Fiehler of Munich.*

It is very important to note that the contemporary leaders of France, Doumergue, Herriot and Briand, have nothing in common with the ancient Franks. They are the descendents of another race, round-headed orientals. . . .

The Negro problem in the United States is vital for the country's future existence. If means are not taken to suppress the Negroes . . . they, in their capacity as Bolshevik combatants, will prepare the doom of white America.—*Alfred Rosenberg, "Myth of the Twentieth Century."*

If the Jew, with his Marxist profession of faith, establishes victory over the peoples of the earth, his victor's crown will be the death wreath of humanity, and this planet will fly through the ether bereft of human life.—*Adolf Hitler, "Mein Kampf."*

The task of the Universities is not to teach objective science, but the militant, the warlike, the heroic.—*Ernst Krieck, Nazi Reichstag member and headmaster of Mannheim public school, author of "Education in the Third Reich."*

An important reduction in scientific education given to women will shortly commence in order to strengthen their services to the family and for the purposes of physical fortification. . . . Service for the honor of the German people and service for the honor of God who wished a German people and created them—on this basic idea will the new girl's schooling be organized.—*Prussian press service of Nazi party.*

The firing of any shot—whether it hit the mark or not—against Our Leader would provoke unequaled chaos throughout Germany and a great pogrom.—*Captain Himmler, Munich police chief.*

For every S.A. man killed in Berlin-Brandenburg, three communists will have to answer with their lives.—*Count Helldorff, S.A. leader and police chief of Potsdam.*

In non-Nordics the teeth, corresponding to the snoutlike narrowness of the upper jaw, stand at a more oblique angle than in animals. The grinding motion of chewing in Nordics allows mastication to take place with the mouth closed, whereas men of other races are inclined to make the same smacking noises as animals. . . .

The Nordic mouth has further superiorities. Just as the color red has a stirring effect, the bright red mouth of Nordics attracts and provokes kisses and courtship. The Nordic mouth is kiss-capable. On the other hand, the non-Nordic's broad, thick-lipped mouth together with his wide-dilated nostrils displays sensual eagerness, a false and malicious sneering expression and a sipping movement indicative of voluptuous self-indulgence.

Talking with the aid of hands and feet is characteristic of non-Nordics, whereas the Nordic man stands calmly, often enough with his hands in his pockets.

Only in the Nordic woman, even with the arm at her side, do we find a firm, rigid, semicircular breast. . . .

The non-Nordic man occupies an intermediate position between the Nordics and the animals, next to the anthropoid ape. He is not a complete man. He is really no man at all in true contradistinction to animals, but a transition, an intermediary stage. Therefore apt for him is the appellation sub-human. —*"The New Bases of Racial Research," by Hermann Gauch.*

A Jew is for me an object of physical disgust. I vomit when I see one.—*Dr. Göbbels.*

A Jew can only think Jewish. If he writes German he lies.—*Poster at entrance to Studentenhaus, Munich.*

In the interests of public safety and order, Jews in municipal baths will be allowed to bathe only at special times during the day.—*Decree of the deputy mayor of Speyer.*

We National Socialists say: Legality is that which does the German people good; Illegality is that which harms the German people.—*Dr. Frick, Minister of the Interior.*

The National Will overrides specific complaints. Bodily injury, incarceration, and killing have now to be reckoned as among the fighting instruments lying nearest at hand. No judge who looks upon the preservation of the state and its vital interests can possibly wish to hinder our national restoration. . . . The judge who has the courage for a free interpretation of the law can always find the right example in this important matter. He treads thereby the ancient Teutonic path. As is well known, the domestic enemy was left by our forefathers without honor, without rights, without peace; any member of the tribe could openly slay him so long as he did not stand on consecrated ground.—*Provincial Justice Dr. Dietrich Hechingen, in Deutsche Juristen-Zeitung, official organ of the legal profession.*

German law will in future be race law—*Dr. Frank, state commissioner for Justice.*

The State Opera seems to have made its plans before the National Revolution. . . . I don't understand how works of Bizet, a non-German, should have an important place in the repertory just now. . . . Let us instead have something based on the life of Frederick the Great.—*Aufsteig, a musical trade journal.*

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Goethe was internationally minded and a stranger to his people.—*Dr. Esser, Bavarian Minister without Portfolio.*

I know that it is a sacrifice for us not to have a new war.—*Dr. Göbbels.*

Pacifism is cowardice on principle—not a theory of life but a defect in character.—*Captain Ernst Roehm, Reichsminister without Portfolio and Chief of Staff of the S.A.*

War is the most simple affirmation of life. Suppress war, and it would be like trying to suppress the processes of nature. These are also terrible. Every living thing is terrible.—*Dr. Göbbels.*

Germans! Never forget what blind hatred has taken away from you. Await the hour that will atone for the disgrace to our bleeding frontier.—*Inscription on monument at Königsblick, on German-Polish border.*

Between our present misery and coming happiness stands a new war. . . . To create an unshakable faith in the high ethical value and the deeper meaning of war—that is the goal and purpose of the science of arms. . . . It is completely false to regard war simply as a destroyer. Those who say so are regarding only the extinction of human life and human works during the war itself, but that is only a passing phenomenon and a condition we must necessarily pass through in order to attain a new buoyancy—a steel bath of renewal. . . .—*Professor Ewald Banse, in "War Science," (a book lately suppressed by the German government).*

Wilder quotations might easily have been procured. These above are mostly from quite responsible characters. Specialists in the macabre should devote a few weeks to the German provincial press. But I didn't want to make this a funny article.

Vienna. JOHN GUNTHER.

Intelligence and Power

THOSE who contend that intelligence is capable of exercising a significant role in social affairs and that it would be well if it had a much larger influence in directing social affairs can readily be made to appear ridiculous. From the standpoint of past human history it not only appears but is ridiculous. It takes little acquaintance with the past to realize what the forces have been that have determined social institutions, arrangements and changes. There has been oligarchical despotic power, political, ecclesiastic and economic, sometimes exercised openly, more often by all sorts of indirect and subtle means. Habit, custom and tradition have had a weight in comparison with which that of intelligence is feeble. Custom and tradition have originated in all sorts of ways, many of them accidental. But, once established, they have had weight independent of the conditions of their origin and have reinforced the power of vested interests. At critical times, widespread illusions, generated by intense emotions, have played a role in comparison with which the influence of intelligence is negligible.

What critics overlook is that there would be no point in urging the potential claims of intelligence unless the latter had been submerged in such ways as have been indicated. The net outcome of the domination of the methods of institutional force, custom and illusion does not encourage one to look with great hope upon dependence on new combinations among them for future progress. The situation is such that it is calculated to make one look around, even if from sheer desperation, for some other method, however desperate. And under such circumstances, it also seems as if the effort to stimulate resort to the method of intelligence might present itself as at least one desperate recourse, if not the only one that remains untried. In view of the influence of collective illusion in the past, some case might be made out for the contention that even if it be an illusion, exaltation of intelligence and experimental method is worth a trial. Illusion for illusion, this particular one may be better than those upon which humanity has usually depended.[1]

The success of this method in obtaining control over physical forces and conditions has been offered as evidence that the case for trying it in social matters is not altogether desperate nor yet illusory. This reference has also been misunderstood by critics. For it is not held that the particular techniques of the physical sciences are to be literally copied—though of course they are to be utilized wherever applicable—nor that experimentation in the laboratory sense can be carried out on any large scale in social affairs. It is held that the attitude of mind exemplified in the conquest of nature by the experimental sciences, and the method involved in it, may and should be carried into social affairs. And the force of the contention depends on the consideration already mentioned: What are the alternatives? Dogmatism, reinforced by the weight of unquestioned custom and tradition, the disguised or open play of class interests, dependence upon brute force and violence.

[1] "The truest visions of religion are illusions which may be partially realized by being resolutely believed. For what religion believes to be true is not wholly true but ought to be true; and may become true if its truth is not doubted." Reinhold Niebuhr, "Moral Man and Immoral Society," page 81.

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It is stated, however, that a fundamental difference in the two cases of physical and social intelligence is ignored. "The physical sciences, it is said, gained their freedom when they overcame the traditionalism based on ignorance, but the traditionalism which the social sciences face is based upon the economic interest of the dominant social classes who are trying to maintain their special privileges in society" (Niebuhr). Of course it is. But it is a naïve view of history that supposes that dominant class interests were not the chief force that maintained the tradition against which the new method and conclusions in physical science had to make their way. Nor is it supposed for a moment that the new scientific method would have won its way in a comparatively few centuries—not that it has completely conquered even yet in the physical field—unless it had found a lodgment in other social interests than the dominant ones and been backed by the constantly growing influence of other interests.

Here we come to the nub of the matter. Intelligence has no power *per se*. In so far as the older rationalists assumed that it had, they were wrong. Hume was nearer the truth, although guilty of exaggeration on the other side, when he said "reason is and always must be the slave of passion"—or interest. But dominant interest is never the exclusive interest that exists—not when there is a struggle taking place. The real problem is whether there are strong interests now active which can best succeed by adopting the method of experimental intelligence into their struggles, or whether they too should rely upon the use of methods that have brought the world to its present estate, only using them the other way around.

Intelligence becomes a *power* only when it is brought into the operation of other forces than itself. But power is a blanket term and covers a multitude of different things. Everything that is done is done by some form of power—that is a truism. But violence and war are powers, finance is a power, newspapers, publicity agents and propaganda are powers, churches and the beliefs they have inculcated are powers, as well as a multitude of other things. Persuasion and conference are also powers, although it is easy to overestimate the degree of their power in the existing economic and international system. In short, we have not said anything so long as we have merely said power. What first is needed is discrimination, knowledge of the distribution of power.

Intelligence becomes a power only as it is integrated into some system of wants, of effective demands. The doctrine that has prevailed in the past regarding the nature of intelligence is itself a reflex of its separation from action. It has been conceived as something complete in itself, action following after and upon it as a merely external expression of it. If I held that notion of intelligence I should more than agree with the critics who doubt that intelligence has any particular role in bringing about needed social change. For the notion is simply one aspect of the divorce of theory and practice that has obtained throughout most of the history of mankind. The peculiar significance of the method of the physical sciences is that they broke through this idea that had for so long hypnotized mankind, demonstrating that action is a necessary part of intelligence—namely, action that changes conditions that previously existed.

Hence the first effect of acceptance of the idea that the operation of control of social forces has something to learn from the experimental method of the physical sciences is a radical alteration in the prevailing conception of social knowledge. The current assumption is that knowledge comes first and then action may—or may not—proceed from it. Critics who have attacked the idea that intelligence has an important role to play have based their attack upon acceptance of this idea; they have criticized me on the basis of attributing to me the very idea that I have been concerned to overthrow. Thus on the basis of a passage in which I denied that any amount of fact-finding apart from action aiming at control of social processes—in other words, a planned economy—could ever build up social knowledge and understanding, Mr. Niebuhr imputes to me middle-class prejudices in ignoring the role of class interest and conflict in social affairs! He imputes to me a great exaggeration of the potentialities of education in spite of the fact that I have spent a good deal of energy in urging that no genuine education is possible without active participation in actual conditions, and have pointed out that economic interests are the chief cause why this change in education is retarded and deflected.

The question at issue is not a personal one, however, and it is not worth notice on personal grounds. Just because dominant economic interests are the chief cause for non-use of the method of intelligence to control social change, opponents of the method play into the hands of these interests when they discourage the potentialities of this method. In my judgment they perpetuate the present confusion, and they strengthen the forces that will introduce evil consequences into the result of any change, however revolutionary it may be, brought about by means into which the method of intelligence has not entered. "Education" even in its widest sense cannot do everything. But what is accomplished without education, again in its broadest sense, will be badly done and much of it will have to be done over. The crucial problem is how intelligence may gain increasing power through incorporation with wants and interests that are actually operating. The very fact that intelligence in the past has operated for narrow ends and in behalf of class interests is a reason for putting a high estimate upon its possible role in social control, not a reason for disparaging it.

JOHN DEWEY.

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Washington Notes

Smiling Off a Beating—The Pal of Neptune—"Take a View That the Crisis Is Over"—Confused and Contented

THE ENTHUSIASTIC reception engineered by Democratic congressional leaders for Mr. Roosevelt upon his return to Washington, fresh from the Astor yacht and two weeks' inspiring contact with his vacation companions, was not without its unconscious humor. The chief effect was to call attention to what Congress had done to the President and his program during his absence and to center attention upon the rather critical stage that the New Deal has reached. Mr. Roosevelt has a happy way of minimizing all form of adversity, laughing off untoward incidents and events. It is well calculated to impress the general public and the more credulous of the correspondents. They reason that he could not possibly be so gay if things were not going well. They argue that if Congress were not still behind him, half of its membership would not have gathered at the station to greet him with loud hosannas. Both arguments are fallacious.

Mr. Roosevelt is congenitally disposed to be carefree. He naturally tends to push aside the disagreeable realities of politics and convince himself that all will be well with the world. There was never a more sanguine and optimistic man in the White House. It is difficult to come into contact with his cheerful nature and witness his boyish relish of small jokes and not believe that he is complete master of the situation. The tendency is to regard as trivial the things that seem vital and consider, as he does, that the opposition is not to be taken seriously.

So far as Congress is concerned, the station reception signified nothing. Back of it was simply the desire of members coming up for reëlection—having very recently disregarded Mr. Roosevelt's wishes—not to lose the political asset of being personally identified with a figure still so popular with the people.

There has been a considerable change in the political picture since Mr. Roosevelt sailed away with Vincent, Fred, Willie and Kermit, and the atmosphere in Washington today is somewhat different from the one he left. His most intimate advisers agree about this and believe conditions demand some dramatic action to regain lost ground. That Mr. Roosevelt has lost prestige, if not popularity, seems beyond dispute. After the overriding of his veto of the Independent Offices Bill, an increasing recalcitrancy was evinced while he was away—and not just because of his absence either. Measures endorsed by the administration were modified and emasculated, and requests personally made by the President were rejected.

The chief slap concerned the Norris Amendment to the Home Loan Corporation Bill, which provided that all appointees be selected in disregard of partisan politics on the basis of merit and efficiency. I am credibly informed that after the Senate had adopted this amendment, Mr. Roosevelt personally telephoned Chairman Steagall of the House Banking and Currency Committee, to ask its adoption by the House. The Committee refused even to bring it out on the floor, and the House, by an almost solidly Democratic vote, refused to instruct the conferees in its favor. Upon his return, Mr. Roosevelt found the Bankhead Bill for cotton-crop reduction, a bill he had endorsed, greatly weakened, and the teeth all drawn from the Stock Exchange Bill, against which there has been organized propaganda on an elaborate scale and an exceedingly effective Wall Street lobby. He found, too, that the Securities Act was threatened with drastic amendment and the Wagner Bill so changed that labor's interest in it is almost ended.

Probably the most significant development of the week, however, was in what happened to the tax bill—generally regarded as an administration measure—which had been passed by the House practically in the form desired by Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. But then the bill was virtually rewritten in the Senate by the progressive leaders, who succeeded in adding new taxes and new administrative provisions that will add several hundred million dollars revenue to the Treasury this year. The interesting point about this is that the progressives accomplished the rewriting of the bill on the floor and not in committee, overriding the Democratic leadership and, in some cases, the known wishes of the President. The net result is a bill far more adequate for revenue and sounder on the principle of wealth distribution than the one the administration proposed.

One would think that administration leaders would be delighted, but there are no indications of it. On the contrary, it is hinted that administration influence will be exerted to have the Couzens flat ten-percent amendment taken out in the conference committee and to get a reduction in the La Follette rates. Probably neither will be urged very hard, and the chances are that the bill will go through in essentially the form it passed the Senate.

The really vital question raised by the week's developments is how Roosevelt will deal with the new situation as a whole, rather than detail by detail. There is a general feeling that the President is again at the crossroads and must determine definitely in the next few weeks whether he is going Right or Left. Pressure upon him to go in the first direction is stronger now than at any other time. Some of his closest advisers are urging him to "slow down on further reforms," to "consolidate his position" and "allow a breathing period for business."

What this really means is that he should permit the emasculated Stock Exchange Bill to go through, acquiesce in certain modifications of the Securities Act, make no real fight for the Wagner Bill, and permit the licensing feature of the N.R.A. to lapse. In addition, he is urged to make some "reassuring" statements calculated to allay industry's alarm and "encourage business." In other words, now that the administration is for the first time encountering serious opposition from both business and Congress, what is desired is that the President backtrack. It is urged that he take the view that the crisis has passed and there is no longer need for either great emergency expenditures for public works or rigid regulation of business under N.R.A. codes. The policy urged upon him is retrenchment, a return to "normal conditions" and a "genuinely balanced budget in 1936."

From the liberal side, of course, it is being pointed out that any such course will mean loss of every inch gained

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under the New Deal; that it will be equivalent to a surrender to the very forces he started out to control; that the sounder as well as the more righteous course is to throw down the gauntlet to Congress and the industrial lobbies, insist upon the restoration of teeth in the various administration measures still pending, and show fight against any form of reaction anywhere.

It has long been seen by the less superficial observers here that our President is neither a convinced liberal nor a convinced conservative. His own early comparison of the quarterback on the football field, who shifted his strategy from play to play, still remains the most accurate description of his fundamental policy. He has in his administration and in close contact with himself men of both schools of thought and he keeps both with him by never being consistently and completely with either, but inspiring hope in both. It is a delicate game, which he plays with much skill, and from which he quite obviously derives real enjoyment. If at times it greatly exasperates the more thoughtful in both groups, that is to be expected. And the real reason why there are no desertions, I think, is because of the stakes.

One result of Roosevelt's avoidance of committing himself to a definite political philosophy is confusion and conflict within the administration. Various departmental heads, charged with great responsibility and authority, are working at cross purposes. Their policies clash and there is a lack of coöperation and coördination throughout the whole administration which some of his most sincere friends regard as the greatest menace in the country. It is not exaggeration to say, for example, that certain parts of the N.R.A. are approaching chaos and, short of a far more complete reorganization than is now contemplated, there is no way of making them orderly. Putting aside the deficiencies of the operators and the inharmonious nature of their views, the basic reason for this confusion is the lack of certainty about the goal toward which the President goes and how he expects to reach it. It is the inevitable result of playing both ends against the middle.

Washington. T.R. B.

Other People's Money

"Associated Legislatures, Inc. (Del.)"—Committees Are for Killing—One Little Dam in Allegan—Red-Handed Red-Baiters

HERE IS a tip to some enterprising newspaper that would like to render a great public service and print a tremendously important and interesting series: The biggest story in this country today is the control of state legislatures by the utility companies of America.

What has been revealed in New York State is by no means unique. One state senator writes to the officials of a big utility holding company to know if his services in the legislature were satisfactory, reminding his "friends" that he was able to kill many bills in the senate committee, of which he was chairman. Now a member of the assembly writes to another utility official that "he has the assurance of the labor committee that this bill will be killed in committee."

The people of the United States might just as well realize that, whether municipal ownership is a sound or unsound system of power production and distribution, American cities will, save in exceptional cases, get no chance to try it out so long as state legislatures are controlled by power interests and so long as utility companies can hire lawyers to cripple city enterprises under our archaic and practically barbarous system of laws.

The city of Allegan, Michigan, has been trying to erect a municipal hydro-electric power plant since 1926. The Kalamazoo River flows past Allegan. The head of navigation is a dam owned by the city, by the Consumers' Power Company and by various individual owners. The city has derived from its share in the dam part of the power for its water works and for lighting its streets. The balance it buys from the Consumers' Power Company. This company also supplies commercial lighting to the citizens of Allegan. In 1926 Allegan decided to build a dam about six miles below the city in order to get power for a municipal power and light plant. The first step was taken April 10, 1926, when the city council directed the mayor to employ counsel and engineers to prepare plans and submit an application to the Federal Power Commission. That was eight years ago. The city, holding even yet to its resolve, is still trying to build that plant. But all along the way, the Consumers' Power Company has been able to block it by a series of injunctions and law suits in which, until lately, it has invariably been successful.

In various popular elections the citizens have by large majorities expressed their desire for the municipal plant. They have authorized bond issues, the condemnation of land, etc. But at each step the lawyers for the Consumers' Power Company have appeared with the inevitable injunction proceedings. The city, in spite of all this, has actually constructed a part of its plant and expended $240,000.

But the depression has dried up the channels of credit and the city needed more funds to complete its plant. It made an application to the P.W.A. for a loan and that application was approved. The P.W.A. was prepared to advance the funds to Allegan. But the lawyers for the Consumers' Power Company promptly appeared in court and obtained an injunction restraining the city from borrowing the money from the P.W.A. That was the power company's first victory. The case, however, is on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. It has been argued. Soon the Supreme Court will decide it one way or the other. But it makes little difference how it is decided. The lawyers for the Consumers' Power Company will undoubtedly find ways, statutes, laws, decisions upon which it will be able to hold up the completion of this plant for years to come.

How did these laws come into existence? Look to the legislature. In the noble state of Michigan, which has given to the world its grandest experiment in the field of banking, hardly a session of the legislature passes without some cunning little enactment to cripple the cities in the pursuit of their right to establish municipal plants. In 1925, the village of Hart tried to build its own plant. Immediately the legislature rushed to the rescue of the power interests and passed an act limiting the power of villages to issue bonds for acquiring utilities. Fortunately, the Supreme Court of Michigan held that act to be unconstitutional.

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By constitutional amendment in 1927, provision was made for the incorporation of two or more cities, villages or townships into metropolitan districts to own or operate public utilities for supplying sewage disposal, drainage, water, light, power or transportation. The amendment directed legislatures to pass the necessary laws to carry out this grant. Two years later the legislature passed such a law. It provided for the sewage disposal, drainage, water utilities, but conveniently left out "power and light." Whose hand was in that omission? Whom was the legislature representing in that case when it literally amended the constitution of the state? The people or the utility companies?

In New York State there has been raised a great wind because of the disclosures about the control of the legislature by the power interests. The leader of the Republican party denounces the legislature as a tool of the power interests. The leader of the Democratic party does the same. A Senate leader and an assembly leader are caught in correspondence with power officials about killing bills in committee. But, despite all this and all the storm of scandal that rages around these shameful disclosures, nothing prevents the legislature from defying the Governor and voting down his bills to enable New York towns and cities to establish their own power plants.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Bloch Sacred Service

A HOPE of joy was pretty definitely extinguished in Carnegie Hall in New York the evening Friedrich Schorr and the chorus of the Schola Cantorum sang Ernest Bloch's bombastic Sacred Service there under the composer's baton. It had been weak, that hope of further revelations from Bloch's pen, long before the night of the concert. For a number of years, indeed since the time of the production of his Concerto Grosso, nearly all the work of the Swiss-American-Jewish composer had indicated the alarming progress of a spiritual decline. The symphonic poems "America" and "Helvetia" had been decidedly cheap. But the idea of the Sacred Service, the setting for barytone, chorus and orchestra of the Hebrew text of the Sabbath morning service prescribed by the Union Prayer Book of the reformed synagogues of this country, had suggested the possibility of a resilience of Bloch's powers.

The subject was Hebraic; and not so very long ago he had written "It is the Jewish soul that interests me, the complex, glowing, agitated soul that I feel vibrating throughout the Bible. All this . . . is the better part of me. It is this I endeavor to hear in myself and to transcribe in my music: the venerable emotion of the race that slumbers way down in our soul." The most eloquent of the many eloquent pages of his music are actually to be found in the orchestral compositions forming his "Jewish Cycle"; and the Sabbath service he sought to set is of course a celebration, representation, communication, of the Soul of that complex, glowing, agitated soul which the "Three Jewish Poems" and the rest of the members of the cycle so passionately express.

The performance, however, had not reached its conclusion before it had long grown plain to us that our expectation had risen up against reason, probably at the dictation of the insensate desire for repetitions of the past so persistent in us all. The "Avodath Hakodesh" is a musicianly product, beautifully cast for voices and for instruments, and symphonically built up on an effective scheme of antiphonies of cantor and chorus. But it is passionless, and tiresome and old-fashioned as are all things that have little or nothing to say. The pretty, rehashed and inflated music is incapable of arousing any feeling, least of all a feeling of the "unfailing Creator of the ends of the earth." Poor Bloch appears to have had no real experience of his subject, and to have been unaware of his inexperience.

The persistency of his decline is a very bitter misfortune, for he was a genial musician, a liberal source, and deserved every bit of the love we here in America felt, and still feel, for him. And, in all our disappointment, we must be careful not to do him the injustice of considering his decadence a monstrosity, and hence the sign of failure. The history of music exhibits many similar, similarly pathetic deteriorations among creative musicians. Berlioz certainly became sterile long before he died. Schumann's powers had pretty completely deserted him before he attempted suicide. Rameau himself summed up his own case, toward the end of his life, in the words "My genius is long since dead. All that perhaps is left me is my taste." And in some way or other, all creative powers are circumscribed.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Art Young

IN THESE days when all the apostles of pure poetry and art for art's sake have climbed down from their ivory towers and are awkwardly waving their graceful little red flags in the front ranks of the embattled storm troops of the revolutionary proletariat, it seems unnecessary to lift one's voice in praise of Art Young. He has stood firm for fifty years in the belief that art ought to be propaganda. It ought at least to say something to the mind. And he himself has said a mindful.

From his "Hell Up-to-Date" way back in 1892—memorable to me for that incomparable picture of Human Fear, which in its kind no artist in America has surpassed—to his most recent volume, "Art Young's Inferno,"[1] his creative energy has been primarily consecrated to the task of making people *see* socialism. He has "put over" more revolutionary propaganda in the capitalist press, I suppose—with his rare genius for making people smile thoughtfully after they laugh—than any other artist of modern times. And he has voiced his opinions in the revolutionary press caustically enough to be twice dragged before the courts for crime. I wish the Delphic Studios, who published the "Inferno," and who recently gave that famous "first and last" exhibition of Art Young's cartoons and graphic comments on American life, would gather these also into a volume. It might not sell widely in America during the life of the artist. But if some kind friend would take it over to Soviet Russia, I believe that Art Young would come into his own—just as Upton Sinclair has in literature—as America's one authentic genius in the field of art.

[1] Art Young's Inferno. New York: Delphic Studios. 176 pages. $5.

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I can remember a time when Art Young's fervent assertions that art is, or ought to be, propaganda, were listened to even among the most progressive and revolutionary of his confrères with the polite and amused tolerance with which one enjoys the irrelevant interpolations of a humorous great-aunt. In the editorial meetings of The Masses and The Liberator, the opinion prevailed that art had only to present life itself greatly, especially those aspects of life that were neglected by the dominant classes through somnolence or self-deception, in order to be great art. There was a prejudice in those days, or rather a healthy attitude of suspicion, against artists who too eagerly jump into the pulpit and start imitating the gestures of the preacher.

My own belief was, and still is, that art of its own essence is not propaganda—that is exactly why it is so effective a vehicle for propaganda when thus used. I thought that art would flourish better—and propaganda also carry farther—if it were not always thus used in a revolutionary magazine. This editorial policy enabled The Masses and The Liberator, for a time at least, to reconcile the extreme apostles of art as individual expression—those of them, at any rate, who, like George Bellows, had cut loose from the academies and were wholly alive—with a consistent left-socialist editorial policy.

In this rather precarious social equilibrium, Art Young occupied a unique position, and one that to my mind testifies to the greatness of his art. He cared as much about the political policy—indeed, he cared more about it—than about the artistic quality of the magazine. He was always on my side in the fight against Greenwich Villagism. But nevertheless he enjoyed the respect of the extremest Greenwich Villagites. There was not an artist on The Masses or The Liberator so "arty" or so "pure" that he did not admire the free, strong, highly individual yet suavely skillful drawing in Art Young's indignant picture-preachings and his ferocious, half-laughing and half-murdering assaults on all mean tyrannies and hypocrisies.

MAX EASTMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Praise from Sir Hubert

SIR: I have just read with much interest and appreciation your splendid article appearing in this week's issue of The New Republic [April 11] entitled "Pie in the Sky" relating to the air-mail situation. Yours is the most accurate and comprehensive article on the air-mail controversy that has come to my attention from the printed page. It is my hope that this article will have the wide circulation and reading which its importance and accuracy suggest.

HUGO L. BLACK, Chairman,
Special Committee to Investigate Foreign and Domestic, Ocean, and Air Mail Contracts.
U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.

The New Republic and the New Deal

SIR: We agree fully with the editorial beginning this week's issue and the one beginning "High, wide and handsome" [March 28]. Our only emotion is one of wonder that the editors of The New Republic express surprise (as they do by implication) that the New Deal should have turned out precisely the way those who hold the reins of power have from the first intended that it should. Like you, we also could not see how a nominally democratic government could safely hand over the regulation of industry to the owning interests thereof, nor how the bond salesmen economists guiding the Treasury *and* the N.R.A. could bring about a kind or degree of recovery that workers and consumers could participate in (as illustrated tersely and unanswerably by John T. Flynn's figures in the same issue). Our puzzlement comes from the fact that The New Republic and its editors were unable to see all these factors implicit in the situation shortly after the New Deal began (in terms of its choice of personnel and economic policies, etc.). Instead they forced their readers to wait until the situation was so strongly crystallized that it seems beyond change, and on the verge of a sharp turn to what, from consumers' and workers' points of view, will look and be very like fascism, and from the point of view of manufacturers and traders will be the full flowering of the recovery program.

F. J. SCHLINK, DEWEY H. PALMER,
Washington, N. J. M. C. PHILLIPS, JOHN J. HADER.

[The authors of the letter are in error in assuming that The New Republic did not from the first see and point out the danger of the developments that have since taken place. The quotations below give partial evidence of that fact. This paper differed from Mr. Schlink at the beginning only in regard to his statement that there was no one in the administration who had at heart the interest of the consumers or who wanted fundamental change. There have been such people, and our comments have been aimed in part toward strengthening their hands by arousing support for the policies they favored. In this our policy has, regrettably, been unsuccessful. So has Mr. Schlink's policy of indiscriminate condemnation of the New Deal and all those associated with it.—THE EDITORS.]

It [the administration] may carry the deflationary process further by putting mortgages and railroad bonds through the ringer. It may strive to create a better balance of prices by adopting some effective plan of raising the price of farm products. None of these courses will involve a prompt expansion of purchasing power. . . . What we really ought to fear for the present is that purchasing power in circulation will not expand enough to bring a needed revival.—*March 22, 1933.*

In reference to the banking situation: If we let this opportunity go by default we shall deserve a [banking] system no better than we have. Reconstruction will be worthless unless the foundation is a sound banking structure.—*April 19, 1933.*

We have no illusions regarding Mr. Roosevelt's radicalism.—*April 26, 1933.*

The administration . . . is reported to be considering a plan of stimulating borrowing by private industry under public regulation. . . . It can never be repeated too often that any device to increase the amount of purchasing power in use is merely a superficial attack on the ills of a capitalist world. We need to regulate the distribution of income as well as its volume.—*April 26, 1933.*

There is no magic by which changing the metallic basis of the currency . . . will directly expand economic activity.—*May 3, 1933.*

There is cropping up . . . in certain quarters of the administration a deplorable tendency to postpone measures of fundamental reorganization. . . .—*May 10, 1933.*

To turn planning over to separate groups of capitalist producers, each seeking to restrict output and raise prices, is to diminish the means of life for the whole nation. . . . It would be a bitter piece of irony if the New Deal turned out to be nothing in

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essence after all but turning the United States completely over to the big corporations.—*May 10, 1933.*

Unless the government can exert social control over profits, either directly or indirectly, it cannot exert much social control over anything else.—*May 24, 1933.*

The first editorial on the N.I.R.A.: The result may be merely a series of cartels and price-valorization schemes which among them will do nothing more than restrict the output of goods upon which an improved standard of living depends, which will no more improve our economic institutions than have the cartels in Germany—*May 31, 1933.*

On the licensing provisions of the N.R.A.: But the mere existence of these powers on the statute books does not guarantee their proper exercise. Labor and consumers will have to be on the alert in order to see that the machinery of planning and control is not turned against them in practice. You do not abolish conflicting interests by adopting a control scheme; you merely set up an arena within which the struggle will be waged.—*June 14, 1933.*

The fact is, of course, that the Industrial Recovery Act is a modernization of the system used by the War Industries Board under Mr. B. M. Baruch. . . .He [Johnson] has let it be known that his new job, so far as industries are concerned, will be managed along the same general lines. . . . There is, I think it is fair to say, nothing radical in Johnson's outlook. On the contrary, those who know him best regard him as a thoroughly practical person, unenthusiastic about untrod paths.—*T. R. B., June 21, 1933.*

The chief danger is that those now charged with the responsibility of using the authority delegated to the executive branch will be more timid than they need to be, and will yield to the entrenched forces of wealth and special privilege more than is necessary, in view of the present attitude of the American people. —*June 28, 1933.*

On the Glass-Steagall Bill: The bill therefore, without touching any of the fundamental vices of American banking, actually sets in motion forces which will tend to spread and intensify those vices, and to crown all, guarantee the deposits in what will be the worst form of banking in the world.—*John T. Flynn, June 28, 1933.*

Of course, all this government of the American people by trade associations will be subject to supervision by the President. But the President is a pretty busy man. He must act through agents, and he has chosen as his agent General Hugh Johnson. An early report was that the General had summoned to his side to assist him in "protecting" the people against the trade associations three hardy "protectors" of the people—Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Alfred P. Sloan, president of General Motors, and Barney Baruch, Wall Street free lance.—*John T. Flynn, June 28, 1933.*

And it [the analysis in the foregoing part of the article] ignores the great social problem whether industrial government under capitalism can reconcile group and class interests; whether the "thin red line" of experts who have at heart the welfare of labor and consumer, who want to build a collective economy, can survive the attacks of the reactionary profiteers who are already out for their scalps. If recovery comes and the Devil begins to convalesce, will he still wish to be good? Shall we relapse to the old anarchy? Or shall we enter a capitalist dictatorship? Or will more drastic changes be enforced by a suffering and impatient populace? What we have now created is not a reformed industrial system, but a mixture in which problems will be precipitated with greater clarity, an arena in which sides may be chosen and significant conflicts waged.—*George Soule, July 5, 1933.*

. . . there is a strong element of truth in the revolutionist's criticism of the Roosevelt New Deal as it has thus far been revealed. It is certainly not yet clear that the measures which have up to now been inaugurated are competent to do more than to patch up the worst weaknesses of private capitalism.—*Bruce Bliven, July 12, 1933.*

On the steel code: If the Roosevelt administration should accept this code in anything like its present form, it would go far to destroy the hope that the New Deal for the common man is anything more than a fiction.—*July 26, 1933.*

Not the least of the dangers confronting the New Deal is that old-fashioned speculation, based on old-fashioned methods of financial commodities and business, will overpower all attempts to rationalize the economic system.—*August 2, 1933.*

Two Tunes on Radio

SIR: The article "Nertz to Hertz" by Otis C. Ferguson in your issue of April 4, is cheaper and more vulgar than anything one can hear on the radio.

New York City. HELEN SIMONS.

SIR: My thanks are due Otis C. Ferguson for his article "Nertz to Hertz" in which he expresses so well my own suppressed feelings on the subject of radio. . . . Every time I think of the appalling slaughter of time and intellect involved in letting loose this muddy stream of asininity on the air, my temper rises dangerously near the boiling point. . . .

Following Mr. Ferguson's general method of sampling, some university research organization ought to be set to work getting a weekly phonographic transcription, a sort of cross-section sample of this river of putridity. This would make a permanent record from which future historians might reconstruct the tragic history of the progressive decline and fall of American culture by the process of deliberate moronization of a whole nation.

Solvay, N. Y. GEORGE N. GERZIEV.

Fruits of the C.W.A.

SIR: Your editorial on what happened to C. W. A. workers in New York City [April 18] ends with Commissioner Hodson's refusal to ask the Board of Estimate for an emergency appropriation to provide jobs for those discharged. If he did ask, he would not receive, because of the Bankers' Agreement limiting relief funds, abolition of which is demanded by C. W. A. unions. His best chance of getting funds lies not in New York but in Washington, from the F.E.R.A.

This being so, Mr. Hodson's refusal to reinstate one dismissed group is short-sighted and indefensible. Several hundred were laid off for refusal to take the "pauper's oath," which is used arbitrarily to establish proof of need for work relief. These people have not yet answered the questions in the "oath." How, then, can anyone defend their dismissal on grounds that they don't need jobs? Federal Administrator Hopkins has told delegates of the United Action Conference on C.W.A. and Unemployment that he does not support discrimination for refusal to take the oath and will investigate in New York not only such discrimination but other administrative harshness.

Mr. Hodson will not improve his prospects of getting federal money by going counter to principles on which the Federal Relief Administrator has committed himself to the workers.

Last week's events hold two more lessons—at least. First, the fear (noted in The New Republic, April 4, as a reason for stopping the C.W.A.) that 4,000,000 C.W.A. employees might become a political force, was well founded, but acted on too late, from an administration viewpoint. The C.W.A. and the unemployed, allied in the "United Action," are well en route to becoming a force. Part of their strength is in white-collar workers, who, galled by job lines, registration lines, pay lines, bread lines, have seen that labor's battle is their battle. They have had the toughness to join the ranks. They bore the brunt of the first three days' picketing of Hodson's office and of the thirteen arrests.

This solidarity of white-collar and manual workers is the best fruit born of C.W.A. mistakes. More fruits are in the making.

ELEONORE VON ELTZ, Chairman,
Henry St. Settlement Unit, Recreational Leaders' Association.
New York City.

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Good News

SIR: I have noted Alfred Kreymborg's letter printed in your issue of April 4 asking why it is that no American publisher has yet imported sheets of Stephen Spender's poems. I am pleased to tell you that there reposes in the Random House safe at the present moment a contract whereby Random House will publish everything that Mr. Spender writes from now on. The first volume of poems will be printed under the Random House imprint during the coming autumn. We are not importing sheets, but are setting up the poems anew, since we have high hopes that Mr. Spender's poetry will find a wide public in America.

Incidentally, at the same time that we publish Spender, we shall publish a volume of another young English poet with exceptional promise—Mr. W. H. Auden.

New York City. BENNETT A. CERF.

An Italian Liberal

SIR: I beg to bring to the attention of the American public the recent death of Senator Francesco Ruffini. He was a great scholar whose works on Church History, religious liberty, Jansenism, Cavour and Mazzini, won for him European renown. When Mussolini seized power in 1922, Ruffini, then a Senator, went into opposition, and until 1929 he waged in the Senate a courageous, if hopeless, fight against fascism. His speeches will go down in history as proof that not all of Italy was at the feet of the dictator. After 1929 it became impossible, even in the Senate, to voice any opposition to Mussolini's policies. Ruffini then gave up active political life.

For over thirty years he had been professor of Church History at the University of Turin. In 1931 he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the fascist regime which the government had forced upon university professors, and as a result he was deprived of his chair. At seventy, he retired to his house in the mountains, where on March 30, 1934, he died.

He exemplified, at its best, traditional Italian liberalism.

Cambridge, Mass. GAETANO SALVEMINI.

Another View on Housing

SIR: In general, I am of course in sympathy with the point of view with which Messrs. Mumford, Mayer and Wright approached the subject of "New Homes for a New Deal" [The New Republic, February 14, 21, 28 and March 7].

My main criticisms are, first, that they have largely and admittedly concentrated on the New York problem, and second, that to talk of setting aside $5,000,000,000 a year for housing *at present* is fantastic and wishful thinking. What we have to do, as I see it, is to settle down to investing as wisely as we can the $150,000,000 which is now available for housing through the Federal Corporation and allocations of the Housing Division. . . . The two major problems are, first, the wise selection of the areas to be developed and the purchase of this land in large quantities at reasonable prices, and second, the maintenance of high standards of caliber and training in the personnel managing these developments after they are up.

We should not sidestep the issue of assembling large areas of blighted or slum land where they are logical for redevelopment. If we had $100,000,000 available for such cities as New York and Chicago instead of $25,000,000, I do not think the selection of areas would be so important, because then different types of developments on a large scale would be impossible. . . . Of course, in the Lower East Side situation, if owners and mortgage holders will not be reasonable and write off 50 percent or more of their suposed land values, the area should not be considered. But other cities like Chicago do not have that problem. We have to prove in America that the government is justified, for socially sound purposes, in exerting a greater control over land.

I am seriously concerned about our ability to attain what strikes me as the major objective in the present P.W.A. slum-clearance and low-cost housing program. The buildings that are built must be rented at a price low enough so that as large a proportion as possible of those who are now badly housed will be able to obtain improved quarters through this new construction. I appreciate the difficulty of attaining this objective, because of the present small allocation and also the management problem involved in keeping out those who can afford to pay higher rents. . . .

I do not think that we can venture into a field of housing such as we are considering and which has as yet been so little touched in America by government planning and financing without taking into consideration those factors which will assure public support and a continued interest on the part of the federal government in this field.

ALFRED K. STERN,

Chicago, Ill. Chairman of the Illinois State Housing Board.

Extracts from Letters

CONRAD AIKEN'S review of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans" [The New Republic, April 4], wins the unqualified praise of William R. Pierron of Bellingham, Washington. "It was," he writes, "eminently clear and sensible and in the future I hope to read more reviews written in a similar vein."

We have received from Konrad Bercovici a copy of a letter of his denying to the Frankfurter Zeitung and the Vossische Zeitung the right to translate his stories: "I don't want my stories published in Hitler's Germany, in Hitler's Frankfurter Zeitung, and don't want my name publicized in a Germany that stands today for everything that is repellent to me. I believe that the commercial boycott against Germany should be supplemented with an intellectual boycott. Nothing would please me as much as to know that Germany is being fed intellectually only by her Aryan artists."

Hubert C. Herring, executive director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, invites those interested in the ninth annual Seminar in Mexico to communicate with him at the Committee's office, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City. The Seminar will be held from July 10 to July 30 in Cuernavaca and Mexico City.

"The National Conference of Jews and Christians, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City, is seeking to explore the need for a summer institute devoted to a study of the American phenomena of inter-group conflicts. How can we avert hostilities between cultural groups in our American life? If they could be frankly studied with the aid of [experts], it might have some bearing on the duration of the thirty [Ku Klux type] organizations recently sprung up in our midst. May we through you inquire how many of your readers would be interested in such a summer institute, if it were held in July, for a single week, at an expense not exceeding $25, on a New England college campus that has good recreational facilities?"

Harry Hayden Clark, of the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, writes us: "Since I am preparing a book on Thomas Paine, I should be grateful for any information regarding unpublished letters or manuscripts by Paine, also for information regarding unpublished evidence which casts light on his relations to his contemporaries or on his influence. Acknowledgement will of course be made in the book for assistance of this sort."

The Committee on Militarism in Education writes us: "During recent years our organization has been gaining experience in method and reputation for accuracy and dependability. These values are cumulative and must be preserved intact if the battles which lie ahead are to be met effectually. We trust you share this conviction with us and that you will find it convenient to contribute as generously toward our budget in 1934 as you have in the past. Pledges to contribute later will be most welcome from those who cannot give now."

The Second Russian Seminar, under the leadership of Professor Samuel H. Cross of Harvard, will leave in July to make an unprejudiced study of the Soviet Union. The group will be under the guidance of an advisory committee that includes Stuart Chase, Professors Samuel N. Harper, H. W. L. Dana, Geroid T. Robinson, Kenneth Conant, D. C. Poole, Frank Novak, and Grove Patterson, editor of The Toledo Blade, and Dr. J. Raymond Walsh.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Roll, Jordan, Roll[1]

THE PROBLEM of writing about our American Negroes, mountaineers, crackers, way-down-Easterners and the like remains an interesting one esthetically, and practically, save in a few instances, remains unsolved. Obviously what we as a general public want is something flattering to us or at least to our status quo. Which is to say that a black woman getting out of her corset as soon as she is out of sight of the meeting-house is comic, while a Park Avenue matron getting into her corset is not amusing at all. Which is to say, how shall we write of the mountaineers or Negroes in such a way as to entertain, to supply the pathos, sentiment or local color that make "material"? Any fair passage of Mrs. Peterkin's will show how she leaves behind this easy tosh:

> Jinny is a fine field hand, one of the best cotton pickers, and her house is always neat and clean. She keeps herself nice, too. She unwraps her hair and combs it every Sunday God sends, when she puts on clean clothes from the skin out. One of Jinny's gentlemen friends was found unconscious beside the road with long slices in his arms, legs, and a deep cut on his neck. . . . She was sitting peaceable as could be on her front piazza that Sunday evening; she was cutting her toe nails with a carving knife, when he came up, drunk as a fiddler's bitch, and attacked her so strong she sure had to cut him off her. If ever a man needed killing, he did, and he had luck not to be in his grave. His nature must have gone to his head. . . .
>
> She never wears a corset except when she goes to church or to march around a grave with the other Bury League members when somebody dies. When she puts one on her figure is so changed and her waist so small everybody has surprisement, but she gets little pleasure out of her praise she wins, for a corset somehow cramps her and cuts off her wind and makes her breath short. A corset kills her comfort worse than her high-heeled Sunday shoes, which make her walk on tip-toe and pinch her feet besides, no matter how big and roomy they are. A woman is due to look nice in the house of God, but as soon as preaching is over, she empties her dinner basket and makes tracks for Samson and the cart. When they take her out of sight of people at the church, she halts and takes off corset, shoes and Sunday hat. Then she gets out her pipe, lights it, and goes the rest of the way in comfort.

I can remember, in my early years, just after I was out of college and had been five months among the North Carolina mountain people, being asked why I did not write about them. I had been among these people; they had befriended me; they had threatened me on the chance that I was a government revenue agent sent to discover their moonshining; they had stayed at my cabin to defend me if need be against the threateners. I had slept in their cabins, seen their dignity and vagaries, and found and profited by their loyalties. I did not know enough—for I knew only the dialect stories and local-color stories everywhere printed—to recognize what it was exactly that repelled me about these proposals for mountaineer sketches. I ended by saying that in so far as they counted, these people were like any other people, and that to write about them otherwise would be only to make them comic or cheaply picturesque. Meanwhile I did not know enough to realize that this was exactly what bourgeois readers would enjoy having them; and I knew of no technique by which the humanity of these mountain people could be rendered general while their surface was kept peculiar.

So far as Negro dialect stories or records go, there are plenty of other attempts, plenty of efforts running from tales to extravaganzas, in which the Negro quality appears in passages, flashes, or even in a certain poetry of myth. The Uncle Remus of Joel Chandler Harris has the sweetness and the fable; and Mr. Roark Bradford in his Negro stories has the authentic whimsy, laissez-faire and homely fabulous invention. As time passes I have realized more and more that what is worth anything in "The Green Pastures," the play, is Mr. Bradford's; the oratorio and platitude nonsense is Mr. Connelly's.

I will not say that it has remained to Mrs. Julia Peterkin to put Negroes down as they are—that would get us into the fatuities of the realistic claim. But I will say that Mrs. Peterkin is out of class with every other writer, so far as I know, about Negroes, and that she conveys to us for the first time in literature their sure and easy characteristic. I should almost say that she has written the only Negro literature that, after one is twelve years old, is profoundly worth reading. Mrs. Peterkin's Negro writing at its best is more poignant than any whimsy, and more alive than fable. It has the loneliness of all animal life and the engagingness also; its humanity is simple and bona fide.

> She knew her time on this earth was almost out, for lately, one rainy day she was walking home and her dead husband came and held an umbrella over her.

It has enjoyed success partly because of the lively strangeness of the subject, appearing both among the sophisticated and among the middle-class flat-lived, whom it is one of the functions of the American system to breed by thousands.

> Sooner or later Jesus spits in the faces of people who fish on Sunday. Sea bass carry the black marks of his blessed fingers because he once held up a bass and blessed it so that it fed a whole multitude. Those black marks prove that Jesus was black, like his forefather, Solomon, who wrote in the Bible, "I am black but comely."
>
> No living man can resist the love-spell cast upon him if the lady who wants him will wear a bit of his shirt tail tied to a string around her waist.

The success is also due, partly, to some subtle projection of the Negro quality that no amount of reading of Mrs. Peterkin's best passages has enabled me quite to analyze. I have decided that it is a kind of genius not unlike that the Negro race itself can manifest: something that puts a glow on the homely, that accepts the world as fact and responds to it as fable; that is built on leisure, vividness and patience. She contrives to present a certain glamor that is only the reduction of life to its first instinct for directness, mythology, abundance and shine. And she has made the right unity out of the natural world and her black people within it. She has created so strongly the people and life of her Negroes that readers who would not accept her conclusions accept her creation as a basis on which to make for themselves conclusions, foolish or not as the case may be. What she has written is a joke on such

[1] Roll, Jordan, Roll, by Julia Peterkin and Doris Ulmann. New York: Robert O. Ballou. 251 pages. $3.50.

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persons as know it all about the Negro race, and a blessing and heart amid the race itself. From what I have been able to learn, Negroes themselves regard it so.

"Roll, Jordan, Roll" is a volume of photographs by Mrs. Doris Ulmann and text by Mrs. Peterkin. It could not be said that Mrs. Peterkin has always written to the pictures, nor that the pictures are offered as forwarding the text; the intention of the book was not quite that. The photographs, moreover, are not so well reproduced as Mrs. Ulmann's remarkable talent deserves. Some of them appeared in Theatre Arts Magazine to much better advantage. But even as they are reproduced in this volume, the photographs should not be spoken of; they alone speak for themselves. They have a beauty, an honesty and, for Southerners, a nostalgia that cannot be described. If the government wants to do something significant for this region and this section of American life, it could do nothing more important than finance an album of Mrs. Ulmann's photographs. Seen completely and for their precision, for a certain record, both imaginative and simple, they are unique among pictures of Southern Negro life. STARK YOUNG.

Revolution by Water

Parched Earth, by Arnold B. Armstrong. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"THERE were Indians first in Tontos Valley," then the Spaniards, then the pioneer squatters, and finally the crowning glory, the entrepreneurs, monarchs of all they filched. Mr. Armstrong, who has come not to praise California's capitalists but to bury them, succeeds admirably in the first half of his novel. But, having shown his protagonists ripe for death and even having demonstrated how they were digging their own graves, he fails in the last dramatic push: he injects a freak of nature and of circumstance and permits a bursting dam to rob the workers of their historic role.

Mr. Armstrong confounds himself unnecessarily. Having projected powerfully the theme of exploitation in the town of Caldwell, and the sharpening class struggle between Amos Caldwell, the cannery king, and the itinerant workers inhabiting his shacks in Slob Row, he should have been content to rest his case in the hard bosom of historical materialism. Instead, he is intrigued and misled by symbols. Just as Amos Caldwell is the last of the Yankee robbers, so Belle Vasquez, the town whore, is the last of the Spanish despoilers. Belle has a cretin son by Amos and eventually it is this King Kong of Tontos Valley who blows up the irrigation dam and sends them all to hell. That leaves the Communist organizer and the cannery workers and Hattie, the last of the exploited pioneers, literally high and dry on the platform of Hattie's rusty windmill. "Well, ever'body's gonna have work now when the water goes down," says Hop Collins, the ex-railroad laborer.

This is not to minimize the satirical thrust of Mr. Armstrong's writing and the excellence of his characterizations, the originality of his device in using the radio as chorus, his fierce purpose to expose the filth in our nests of simple folk, the plotting of his chronicle in terms of the class struggle—"You had to fight! There wasn't any of the old frontier left. The new frontier was here—in your own front yard! It was girdled by machinery in the hands of soulless men who would kill you if you didn't fight back." But why bring in communism and the need for organization if we are to find salvation at the hands of a cretin and experience revolution by water? EDWIN SEAVER.

The Esthetic Strain

Art as Experience, by John Dewey. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 355 pages, illustrated. $4.

PROFESSOR Dewey objects to those theories that hold to a distinct "esthetic sense" operating in a separate realm from the commoner ways of life. At the same time he holds that the esthetic is a distinct strain, that there can be unesthetic acts, and even anesthetic ones. By his definition, a merely downcast frame under grief would be unesthetic, whereas the conversion of this emotion into a work like Tennyson's "In Memoriam" would be a true "act of expression." To quote:

> Irritation may be let go like an arrow directed at a target and produce some change in the outer world. But having an outer effect is something very different from ordered use of objective conditions in order to give objective fulfilment to the emotion. The latter alone is expression and the emotion that attaches itself to, or is interpenetrated by, the resulting object is esthetic. If the person in question puts his room to rights as a matter of routine he is anesthetic. But if his original emotion of impatient irritation has been ordered and tranquilized by what he has done, the orderly room reflects back to him the change that has taken place in himself. He feels not that he has accomplished a needed chore but has done something emotionally fulfilling. His emotion as thus "objectified" is esthetic.

Here we seem close to the strictly classical concept, the esthetic as the love of order. At other points, however, Professor Dewey brings out different aspects of the esthetic. For it is obvious that order in its purity might be more observable in strictly logical pursuits than in the arts. A man who had converted his unrest into the constructions of mathematics, for instance, would seem further along this same road than a Shakespeare who, for all the grasp of order in his plays, yet retains a great deal of simple disarray. Thus we can understand why the emphasis upon order alone could lead a philosopher like Plato to place the life of pure reason above that of art, with its "sensual" remnants.

Professor Dewey sees the intellectual constructions of science as producing a wholly different kind of insight from those of art. The esthetic strain in science, he says, has provided us with a vast collection of signposts, to assist us in finding our way about the complex avenues of experience; the esthetic strain in art gives us the quality of experience itself. "Such . . . is the newness of scientific statement and its present prestige (due ultimately to its directive efficiency) that scientific statement is often thought to possess more than a signboard function and to disclose or be 'expressive' of the inner nature of things." He offers reasons why this attitude toward science is erroneous, and concludes: "The poetic as distinct from the prosaic, esthetic art as distinct from scientific, expression as distinct from statement, does something different from leading to an experience. It constitutes one." Yet his distinction on other occasions is blurred, as when he discusses "qualitative thought," pointing out that even the most conceptual thinker "feels" his way about among ideas. He writes: "In short, esthetic cannot be sharply marked off from intellectual experience since the latter must bear an esthetic stamp to be itself complete." (The reader might be referred to Richard Rothschild's recent volume, "Illusion and Reality," as providing a totally different approach to this same issue.)

There are several chapters devoted to the specific arts, the matter being appropriately focused on the discussion of

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medium. Though one whose interests are trained upon any particular art may find this section written too much "from without," its value as a survey is great. The author's dictum on the present agitation over "proletarian" art may serve as an instance of his accuracy:

> The idea that there is a moral obligation on an artist to deal with "proletarian" material, or with any material on the basis of its bearing on proletarian fortune and destiny, is an effort to return to a position that art has historically outgrown. But as far as proletarian interest marks a new direction of attention and involves observation of materials previously passed over, it will certainly call into activity persons who were not moved to expression by former materials, and will disclose and thus help break down boundaries of which they were not previously aware.

He has also made some acute remarks disclosing how, when we shift our point of view, different aspects of a work are seen as "form" and "matter." And he clearly shows how concepts carried over from philosophy can pervert our understanding of art, though he leaves us suspecting that when a critic's concepts are not explicitly philosophical, they are but implicitly so, and that the non-philosophical critic is not really escaping philosophy, but is merely using an untested philosophy. His comments on the genius of the individual arts are especially stimulating.

Returning to the question of art as experience: Professor Dewey points out that art is not "illusory," since it does actually embody its insight in external objects. Or as he has also stated his thesis: "Art is a quality that permeates an experience; it is not, save by a figure of speech, the experience itself." (Rothschild would handle this same issue by pointing out that *all* interpretation is fictional, be it called metaphysics, science, art or common sense. The two views are possibly much the same, despite their apparent antagonisms of vocabulary. For to say that all judgment is fantasy is also a way of making it impossible to set art aside as a self-deceptive enterprise. Professor Dewey seems close to Rothschild's position when he writes: "If animals are strict realists, it is because they lack the signs that language confers upon humans.")

Professor Dewey subscribes to Wordsworth's dictum that science may eventually provide a new firm body of thought which will affect the poet as religion once did. "But," he adds, "poetry will not on that account be a popularization of science, nor will its characteristic values be those of science." Perhaps the relationship between poetry and science may be established in this wise: The results of science may finally be crystallized in a more stable social structure; out of such a stable structure a code of "proprieties" (customs and aims) may take form; and the poet will then weave these proprieties into the texture of art, both relying upon them and contributing to them.

The chapter on "Criticism and Perception" throws a sharp light upon many faulty weapons in the artillery of modern criticism, particularly as regards the many "genetic" schools which attempt assiduously to relate the artist's esthetic accomplishments to his private difficulties. Every practising critic of the day should look into this chapter for valuable admonitions. But for the general reader I believe that the closing chapter, "Art and Civilization," will prove the most fertile. It seems to me especially significant that whereas Professor Dewey's "instrumentalism" has been avowedly a philosophy of science, as soon as he approaches experience from the standpoint of art he feels called upon to grant the many grave cultural problems to which science has given rise. He seems to feel that these disorders are transitional rather than absolute, especially if the profit motive can be eliminated as the basis of work and tests of humanity can supplant the demands of investment as a guide for practical activities. Though he recognizes that "the mechanical stands at the pole opposite to the esthetic, and production of goods is now mechanical," he suggests that there is nothing in machine production *per se* to destroy a worker's satisfaction in his work, but that the disorder arises largely from psychological factors due to the oligarchy of ownership and its misuse.

One may ask whether the "experimental method" itself is a sound basis upon which to erect a scheme of social solidarity, of group homogeneity, since it is essentially a technique individualistic in genius, providing a definite technique for doubting the beliefs of one's group and hence working fundamentally against the authority of the "proprieties" which art mainly deals in. Perhaps we may eventually be forced to shift our whole notion of "agreement" to a much higher level than now prevails in the usual "for me or agin' me" attitude; perhaps an underlying basis of homogeneity for uniting the vast heterogeneity of scientific disciplines can be obtained by stressing one unified social purpose—but in any event, Professor Dewey's closing chapter offers grounds for believing that the end of private control over the fruits of scientific inventiveness is the paramount opening step required before science can become a genuine instrument of benefit and the present anguish of the arts can abate. Professor Dewey's closing summation makes it clear, I think, that however broad or deep-lying the issue may be, there is no turning back: science is with us, we must accept it and shape it to esthetic ends—and we can never do so until it has been made, in the fullest sense, a group possession.

KENNETH BURKE.

A Story of the Gutter

Children of the Poor, Anonymous. New York: The Vanguard Press. 311 pages. $2.50.

THIS "story of the gutter," written by a man now prominent in New Zealand affairs, is a document on the order of Pat O'Mara's "The Autobiography of a Liverpool Irish Slummy." O'Mara's book was less bitter and ironical, and more relieved by a sense of humor and of the picturesque; but both volumes tell essentially the same tale of the needless squandering of human lives and energies in metropolitan slums.

Anthony Porcello, the narrator, with his sister Rose and their younger brother, lived in pre-war New Zealand. They were of doubtful fatherhood. The mother, a drudge whose sole consolation was that of her religion, supported her family by sewing and washing and, in severe circumstances, by prostitution. She carried home to her family the bones and leavings from the tables of her employers, and the patched clothing that was no longer useful to their children. The home life of the Porcellos was one in which the tensions, created by want, never relaxed. And outside, directly and indirectly, the children were reminded of and humiliated by their poverty.

At school, Anthony was a fitfully good pupil, until he became an errand boy and later went to work in a factory. Just when he was about to be apprenticed, the workers at the factory learned that his sister was a prostitute. She had started on this road as a mere child, and her first customer had been Chinese. Anthony, unable to bear the taunts of those at the factory, quit. He was driven into thieving and sent to the reformatory. The book ends thus:

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"I rebelled. I ran away. I was dragged back. I ran again. Tallyho. What a hunt it was! For the law was after a boy and the boy was a thief."

This book is written without apology, and from the memory of bitter experiences that continue to rankle. It reveals how, step by step, a boy and a girl were betrayed by society, driven into criminality and then punished in the manner in which society punishes those whom it first degrades. It is in no sense a special story, dealing with conditions peculiar to pre-war New Zealand. It is the story of every urban slum of yesterday and today, and of tomorrow also, as long as our society remains organized as it now is.

The implications of this powerful story are broad. It deserves the widest possible audience, especially in "that world of superior persons whose teeth have never been sharpened by deprivation, whose sensibilities have never quivered from the shame of poverty."

JAMES T. FARRELL.

Suez and Persia

The Suez Canal: Its Past, Present and Future, by Sir Arnold T. Wilson. New York: The Oxford University Press. 239 pages. $6.

SIR ARNOLD WILSON has heretofore written of Near Eastern affairs with lucidity, sympathy and brilliance. It is therefore disappointing to find that his latest volume, so comprehensive in title, is only a good magazine article of pretentious proportions. Historically, he has covered in a haphazard manner ground more adequately surveyed by American and French authors. He has retold in a singularly dull, unimaginative fashion the story of the construction and completion of the Canal; the pertinacity of de Lesseps in the face of obstacles; the opposition of the British government under Lord Palmerston, who believed that the project was a financial, diplomatic and engineering impossibility; Disraeli's *coup* in purchasing the Khedive's shares; the watchfulness of strategists in Whitehall who strengthened the defenses of Malta and, Sir Arnold euphemistically puts it, "leased" Cyprus from the Turks. The account of the Canal's importance during the World War is altogether inadequate—as is, curiously enough, Sir Arnold's description of its importance in British imperial communications. As for Egypt, it is a convenient geographical center providentially including the Isthmus of Suez; there is not the slightest indication that the Suez Canal, along with the contemporaneous development of cotton growing, is the heart of the Egyptian problem of modern times.

Sir Arnold has stretched his imagination in a chapter entitled "The Panama Canal: A Rival Route." Historically, the Panama route never was intended to serve the purposes served by Suez. Actually, in spite of Sir Arnold's ingenious use of some figures, Suez is in no way menaced by it. Events have shown that the two projects are complementary, not competitive.

It is not until one has read three-quarters of the volume that one discovers what it is all about: Sir Arnold believes that the tolls charged at Suez are too high and should be reduced forthwith in the interest of world, but more particularly of British, shipping. Here he makes a strong case —in fact his analysis of the financial and administrative affairs of the Suez Canal Company is much the best yet published. His thesis is that the Canal has proved to be what Americans would call a "self-liquidating" enterprise. The British government (holding more than 40 percent of the shares) invested about £4,000,000 and has received more than £38,000,000 in dividends. It is time, says Sir Arnold with obvious justice, to lift the burden on shipowners. If this is not done, the route around the Cape will come into increasing use with consequent loss to the Canal and all concerned. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, hounded by the cry of "balance the budget," remains unconvinced. So, also, do the shareholders in Paris.

Sir Arnold should have written a more coherent book under some such arresting title as "Lower the Tariff on British Shipping via Suez." The response then would have been "Hear! Hear!" and his work, instead of gathering dust on academic shelves, might have attracted attention where it would do the most good.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE.

Persia, by Sir Arnold T. Wilson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 416 pages. $5.

FROM THE platform opportunely provided by the Modern World Series, Sir Arnold has challenged several assumptions current even in tolerably well informed circles in the West. Authors who have waxed witty or melancholy at the expense of Persia are the target of many a keen shaft. A succulent flavor pervades all but the most unremittingly informative chapters of this book. One needs no wide acquaintance with existing literature on Persia, however, to relish it. It is deftly enough written to serve the student, the traveler and the merely curious alike.

The author finds a special affinity between Persian and French thought. Yet Persian society, he believes, develops and serves its individual members better than does, within its own sphere, the more complex system of Europe. The achievement of Persian culture is great enough so that it will not soon be displaced; while it does persist it will remain superior, he thinks, to that of any other in Asia, because of its peculiar background of philosophical and spiritual belief, enabling Persians to rise above their misfortunes.

Sir Arnold has made a useful study of the status of foreign nationals in Persia since the abrogation of extra-territorial privileges in 1928. Russo-Persian relations he has described largely in the language of disillusionment, but Anglo-Persian relations, by pleasant contrast, in a tone of friendliness. One of the few disappointments in the book, in fact, is his rather incidental treatment of the long series of disputes that have marred and enlivened Anglo-Persian relations since 1919.

ELIZABETH P. MACCALLUM.

The Idea of Liberty

History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century, by Benedetto Croce. Translated from the Italian by Henry Furst. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 375 pages. $3.50.

THREE years ago Croce delivered ten lectures before the Academy of Moral and Political Science in Naples on episodes in the history of liberty in Europe between 1815 and 1914. These lectures have now been revised and published in book form with a title that may lead some readers to expect too much for their money.

The first three chapters—"The Religion of Liberty," "Opposing Religious Faiths" and "The Romantic Movement"—define the author's philosophy of history, which resembles Hegel's "History is the spectacle of liberty." And to those who ask, "Liberty of whom or of what? Liberty to do what?" Croce replies, "Liberty could not accept . . . empiric definitions because of its intrinsic infinity." But his

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liberty in practice has limitations that one does not associate with the infinite—it "would have freedom of speech and propaganda, with the sole limitation of not upsetting the liberal order"—in other words, Croce's "Religion of Liberty" lays down the same conditions that its two "opposing religious faiths," Catholicism and Communism, also impose. Furthermore, liberty not only contends against rival religions, it also opposes anarchy, which took the form of the Romantic Movement in Byron's time, of decadent esthetic-ism in the nineties, and of activism—action for action's sake—after the War.

From the fourth through the ninth chapter Croce follows the rise of the liberal idea that vanquished Absolutism in 1830, assimilated Social Democracy in 1848 and finally achieved the national-liberal organization of Europe in 1870. Chapter IX, "The Liberal Age (1871 to 1914)," emphasizes the spread of nationalism and, as the twentieth century approaches, the author's querulousness mounts: liberalism seems to have gone into a decline since Cavour's day. But in his epilogue Croce pulls himself together and decides that the future historian may consider the World War as "the *reductio ad absurdum* of all nationalism," although for his own part he is cheered by the thought that it brought the nations into "more intimate communion." He concludes by declaring that it is not the function of the historian to prophesy but to reconstruct the recent past in such a way that we can act more wisely tomorrow.

How does Croce measure up to this test? His Catholic critics may properly assert that his liberalism is a perverted religion, and his Communist critics may with equal justice assert that it is perverted materialism, and both can belabor him accordingly. But it is also possible to criticize him on his own ground and to demand that every seeker for truth should be able to reveal the object of his search in his own terms. And it is here that the book falls down. For one does not need to demolish the liberal position of a historian whose analysis of the nineteenth century led him to detect three years ago a growth of European consciousness and *ipso facto* a decline of Fascism and Communism. In spite of all his scholarship and all his skill at condensing years into paragraphs, decades into chapters and a century into the compass of a detective story, Croce does not help us to see tomorrow more clearly in terms of yesterday. Rather he shows us a yesterday that bears little relationship to today.

QUINCY HOWE.

Books in Brief

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

ROMAN ROUNDABOUT, by Amelie Posse-Brázdová. *New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 266 pages. $3.*

"Roman Roundabout" finishes Countess Posse-Brázdová's memoirs of her years in wartime Italy. In her previous book "Sardinian Sideshow," she described her efforts at housekeeping and entertainment on that island, where she and her Czech husband, the painter Oki Brazda, had been interned. They were released when the movement for Czech liberation became influential in Rome. There, in the almost perfect house, the author and her husband entertained, painted, mothered, fed, inspired and consoled a glittering stream of Roman nobility, Czech patriots—both Masaryk and Benes came—Russian diplomats, priests, and soldiers from the Front, all of them full of the nervous heroism, reckless desire and burning spirits that made life in wartime Rome so thrilling to non-combatants. The Swedish author found time to rear her children, tend her magnificent and overflowing garden, listen to the confidences of Roman ladies, patronize her neighbors and sew the standard which was presented to the first Czech legion to fight with the Italian armies. Whatever she did was colored by her charming and natural emotional exuberance. J. N.

SHERIDAN, by W. A. Darlington. *143 pages.*
THACKERAY, by G. W. Ellis. *143 pages.*
Great Lives Series. *New York: The Macmillian Company. $.75 each.*

Sheridan was so conscious of his gentility that he gave up a career as the most successful playwright of his day to enter the career regarded as more congenial to gentlemen, politics, thereby replacing a master in one field by a tyro in another. Mr. Darlington tells the story entertainingly, though he devotes too little attention to the general social background. Thackeray was a gentleman at a time when it had become honorable even for gentlemen to make money; the making of money was indeed so important that artistic conscience as well as gentility could be ignored. But it never came so natural to Thackeray as to that son of the people, Dickens. Mr. Ellis' biography is quite a good one, but he too makes too little use of the clues to Thackeray's career that lie in the social and economic forces of English history. I. S.

HISTORY

THE SECESSION OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, by Gerald W. Johnson. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 176 pages. $1.50.*

In this small book Mr. Johnson consistently takes high ground: both sides in the Civil War were not only wrong, they were betrayed into violent extremes, not by any irrepressibility of the conflict, but by the folly and duplicity of their leaders. These, with the exception of Clay, were fanatics, knaves or fools. The first chapter opens with a scene at the close of the Constitutional Convention, showing a secretary, one William Jackson, destroying secret papers that would have given to posterity the true intent of the Constitution: it was not meant to be a legal document, but rather the embodied "spirit of amity." If the politicians from *1816 (the year of the tariff) to 1860 had only heard of this* "spirit of amity," how different our history would have been! Meanwhile one suspects that Mr. Johnson is talking through his hat. The South, he says, represented the last powerful check upon money power, not only in economics but in all the social and civilized values; yet the statesmen who tried to preserve this relatively unpredatory society were all knaves: Calhoun, Rhett, Yancey; while Clay, who compromised both sides into superficial concessions, delayed action on fundamentals, making armed conflict inevitable: he is the hero of the piece. A. T.

FICTION

THE LAST PIONEERS, by Melvin Levy. *New York: Alfred H. King. $2.50.*

The best thing about Mr. Levy's novel is the subject: the growth of a typical Western waterfront town built up by capitalist enterprise and corruption "from nothing to a state of extreme poverty." From Centralia to Seattle there is little that has happened in our Western cities in the last quarter-century

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that is not somehow, somewhere, crammed into the chronicle. The trick is to make these bones live, but this Mr. Levy has not succeeded in doing. Commencing in the picaresque vein with the story of the Polish Jew, Chaim Shemanski, the novel works its way to the state of Washington by way of Alaska, picks up a pioneer banker from the East and a nondescript Irish lawyer, and eventually settles down in the form of a saga of the town of Puget. Mr. Levy is strong on color and weak on line, bullish on sensation and bearish on character; his novel, in short, is rich but cluttered and pedestrian. What is surprising in an author of Mr. Levy's political complexion is the haphazard way in which he treats of the class war, although nowhere more than in towns like Puget has that war been fought so openly and so ruthlessly. E. S.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL, by Rearden Conner. *New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.*

Mr. Conner has got some violent impressions of the Irish Terror of 1918-22 that he wishes to set down here, and for the purpose he has worked out the story of an Anglicized Dublin medical student, implicated by chance in a bombing, and escaping one set of authorities by embracing another—the underground organization of the Irish Republicans, whom he eventually betrays. Through his eyes the details of revolt become graphic: bombs go off and machine guns chatter and blows fall with heavy and cruel thuds, and in general there is an effect of blood and thunder. Also, there is an attempt to make the document human with sketches of rebels, priests, journalists, and a working out of sexual relations in the cases of three women. But, although there is good writing in it, the book is a poor novel, and unconvincing. To say that the motives behind the various acts are not explained would be unfair, since the protagonist does consider all the reasons pro and con. The trouble is that pros and cons are not given any basis in character, and remain so many unhinged doors—present and probable, but not leading into or out of anywhere. O. C. F.

Contributors

MARY HEATON VORSE, author, among other books, of "Growing Up," "Men and Steel" and "Strike," has been in Washington attending the Wirt inquiry.

MAX EASTMAN, poet and critic, is the translator of Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution." His new book, "Artists in Uniform," is announced for publication this month.

JOHN DEWEY'S study of the philosophy of esthetics, "Art as Experience," recently published by Minton, Balch and Company, is reviewed in this issue.

NATHAN ASCH is the author of "The Office," "Love in Chartres" and "Pay Day."

JOHN GUNTHER is Vienna correspondent of The Chicago Daily News.

EDWIN SEAVER is the author of "The Company." A second novel is scheduled for fall publication.

KENNETH BURKE, author of a volume of short stories, a study of esthetics and a novel, is now writing musical criticisms for The Nation.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE is associate professor of History at Columbia University. He is the author of "Turkey, the Great Powers and the Bagdad Railway."

ELIZABETH P. MACCALLUM has made extensive studies on the Near East for the Foreign Policy Association and for several Canadian publications.

JAMES T. FARRELL is the author of "Young Lonigan," "Gas-House McGinty" and "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan."

QUINCY HOWE is the editor of The Living Age.

The initials signed to the short reviews are those of James Neugass, Isidor Schneider, Allen Tate, Edwin Seaver and Otis C. Ferguson.

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